

Claws

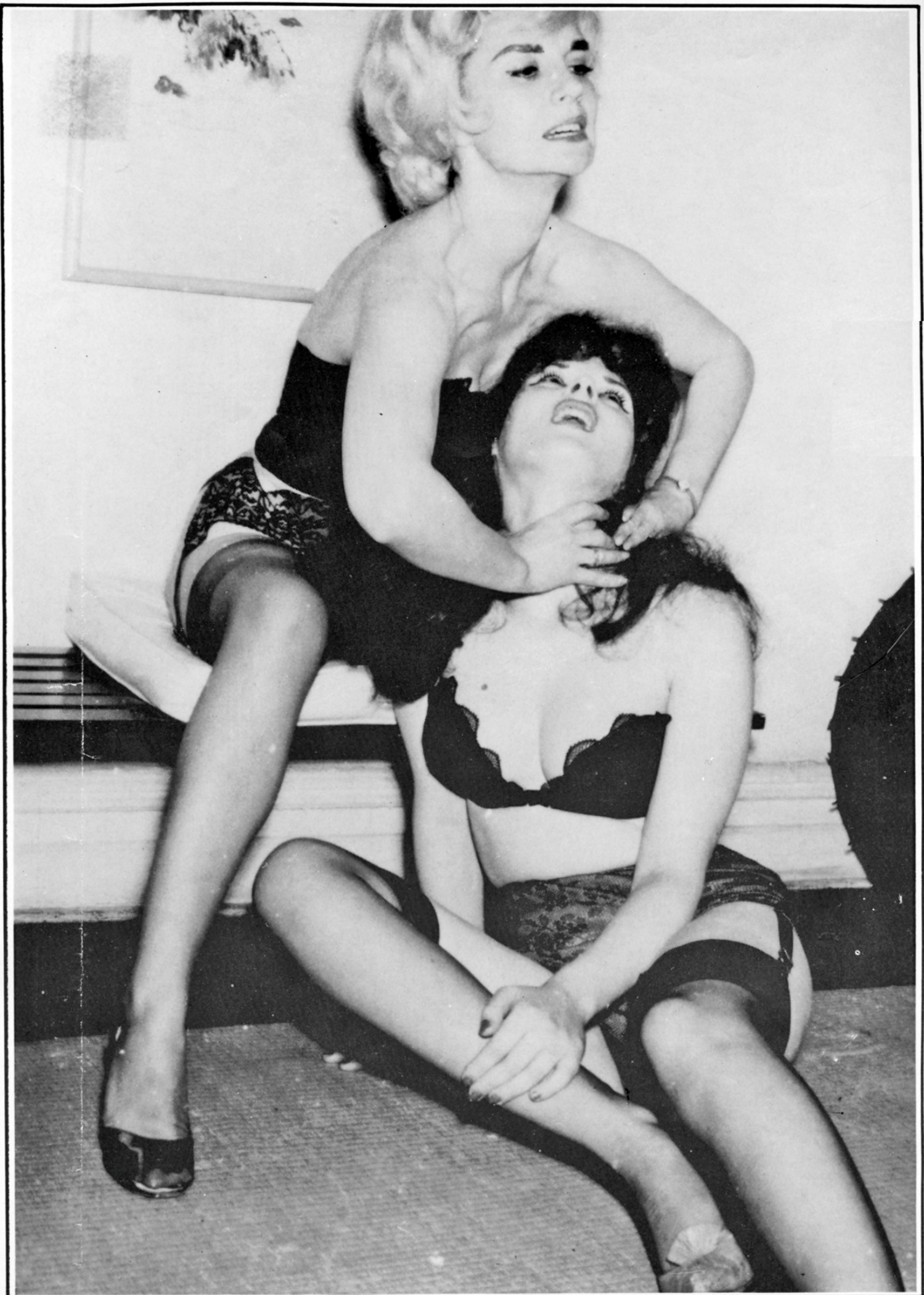
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Hussies Grappling...Wrestling...Cat Fighting



Contents

KATHY CARTER'S COLUMN	5
NO-NONSENSE NURSE	6
THE REVENGE	12
SENSUAL APARTMENT WRESTLING	16
SUE AND LINDA WRESTLE IN THE WOODS	20
CAT FIGHTERS FROM ST. MARGARET'S	26
WRESTLING NURSES	33
BATTLE TO BARENESS	37
WRESTLING WIFE SWAP	41
BOXING . . . TOPLESS BOXING . . .	45

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Kathy Carters Column

Getting to grips with Kathy, your own Personal Editoress



Let me introduce myself. My name is Kathy Carter, a woman, fairly well built and attractive so many men tell me, who enjoys wrestling with girls, and men as well. Cat fighting, apartment wrestling, call it what you will, I enjoy a good old fashioned all-holds-barred grappling set-to. I have never wrestled professionally, and I doubt now if I ever will. To me it is not a commercial occupation, but a thrilling, satisfying hobby. I have 'fought' Germans, Americans, Australians, Scandinavians, yes and even Oriental males and females. I have engaged in non-armed combat clad in extremes of wear from pukka karati kit to sexy rubber and leatherwear, and I will confess right here and now that my favourite rig is bra, panties, stockings and suspenders, and, believe it or not, high pencil heeled shoes . . . or boots. To me scruffling with another person, male or female, is not only a matter of proving who rules the roost but getting the maximum physical gratification from the victory at the same time. Thigh gripping, face squatting, knicker-smothering, especially when I am waging war against a male, are all more satisfying if I am clad in feminine sexy wear rather than a leotard or proper wrestling gear, but to stop this rambling of who I am, and what I enjoy, let me get down to the matter in hand. I have been invited to edit this new publication, CLAWS, and let me say I am delighted to do so. With your help I aim to make it the most exciting 'girl-fighting-dominant-woman' magazine on the market. I emphasise WITH YOUR HELP because I want to hear from you with your experiences, your stories, your fantasies, your hopes, and of course photographs and drawings will be especially welcomed. Let me know what you want to see and read about in future editions of CLAWS, and Kathy will do her best to comply with your wishes.

This is the very first edition of CLAWS and I am informed it is hoped to bring it into your hands every three months. I hope, again with your help, to make CLAWS such a success it will become eventually a monthly, instead of a quarterly. So come on lads and lassies, face up to Kathy and start the grappling. Let me hear from you pronto, write to me:

Kathy Carter,
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No-Nonsense Nurse

Nurse Walton worked in a small nursing home for 'psychological rehabilitation'. That description sounds formidable but the nursing home was no more, in fact, than a place of rest and recuperation for spoilt young women who, for one reason or another, wanted to retire for a few weeks from the fray, or the troubles that beset them. Admittedly some of the 'inmates' were a bit neurotic, but the majority of them were too rich to know what to do with their money and most of them would have been cured by a good spanking and useful employment.

Nurse Walton, on joining Milton's, quickly grasped the situation and her hatred for rich young women soon found a channel of expression. She had been an athletic young woman and had had some training as a woman wrestler, though it had never come to anything in a professional sense. But she had learnt enough to know the right grips and the best way of dealing with awkward or recalcitrant people. She was able to put both this background and her aggressive make-up to good use at Milton's Nursing Home.

Nurse Walton also had feelings of dominance towards pretty young women so she soon began to fix things so that only the more attractive 'guests' (as the inmates were known) were put in her care. She was in charge of five 'suites' in the home, each one of which would normally have one patient.

At the time our story opens she had just been introduced to a new 'patient', a spoilt twenty-two-year-old girl of aristocratic parentage. Her name was Fenella Lincoln.

Nurse Walton put on all her charm at the introductory meeting in the presence of the Matron, and then she led the way back to the wing of which she was in charge.

'This way, Miss Lincoln,' she said sweetly. 'Your bags will be brought by the porter. Here we are, this is your suite.'

She led the way into a beautifully furnished suite of rooms, rooms that looked more like those in a luxurious

hotel than rooms in a nursing home. But as the fees at Milton's were exorbitant it was hardly surprising that the rooms were lavishly furnished.

'Very nice,' admitted Fenella, but very rarely ready to admit she was satisfied with anything, she added, 'But why aren't the windows open?'

'I'll see to them, Miss Lincoln,' said Nurse Walton, already making up her mind to give this rich young woman a bit of the 'treatment'. Indeed the ruder her patient was towards her the more she would like it for it would justify what she had in mind.

The next day or two only confirmed Nurse Walton in her intention to put Fenella Lincoln in her place. The girl had nothing wrong with her, except that she was querulous and lazy, and Nurse Walton was convinced that a bit of physical 'treatment' would do her a world of good. Besides that there was no doubt that Nurse Walton fancied her 'patient' for she was undoubtedly attractive and her fair hair and lovely figure appealed strongly to her.

She chose the day when Matron was away to institute her regime.

Fenella had complained about half-a-dozen things that morning, so as soon as Matron left the nursing home, Nurse Walton made her way to Miss Lincoln's room. When she entered she locked the door behind her to prevent anyone from interrupting her plans.

Almost as soon as Fenella saw her she had another complaint.

'Wait a moment, Miss Lincoln,' Nurse Walton interrupted. 'I'm rapidly reaching the point where I'm losing patience with your complaints. It's complaints all the time, and I won't put up with any more. Do you understand?'

'Do I understand? How dare you talk to me in that way,' said an astonished Miss Lincoln.

Arm twist

'I dare and I will,' was Nurse Walton's reply. 'Indeed I'll do more. I think it's high time you were brought

to your senses.' As she spoke she grabbed hold of Miss Lincoln and taking her arm she twisted it behind her, locking her so that she was unable to move.

'How dare you! How dare you!' Fenella gasped. 'God, you'll pay for this.'

'Will I?' queried Nurse Walton, twisting her arm ever further.

Miss Lincoln was silent and then, to Nurse Walton's surprise, she heard her say: 'So you think you can physically maltreat me do you? Well, if it's to be physical I think I can give you more than you bargained for.' And then suddenly wrenching herself free, she swung round to face the nurse, and putting out a leg she tripped her, Nurse Walton falling heavily to the floor.

But it was the suddenness with which Miss Lincoln had moved rather than anything else that had brought about Nurse Walton's fall for she was quickly on her feet again and in a moment had grabbed hold of the 'patient', throwing her to the floor and was soon struggling with her fiercely.

Nurse Walton soon discovered, however, that Fenella Lincoln was not far from being her equal as far as fighting was concerned, and she knew that she was going to have a struggle to defeat her. But she relished the situation for it also meant a lot of physical proximity with this beautiful — even if spoilt — young woman.

A desperate struggle, a virtual cat-fight, now developed. Miss Lincoln was no longer concerned to express her surprise at the extraordinary turn of events, or to protest at what had happened; she was simply determined to deal with the nurse who had 'had the impertinence to assault her physically and treat her with such scant respect. For once in her life Fenella Lincoln had found a cause and she was determined to win it on her own.

The two women fought desperately, their legs flying as they struggled on the floor, now Nurse Walton, now Miss Lincoln gaining



the upper-hand. And then there were moments when neither one woman nor the other seemed to have even a slight advantage, when it seemed like a stalemate. At one point Fenella was virtually on her back, but Nurse Walton in Fenella's arms was in no position to take advantage of her as she lay with her legs across the patient's lap.

Fenella's dress had ridden up enough for her knickers to be showing and her beautiful, stockinged legs were bent seductively. Nurse Walton, struggling ferociously, had her legs stretched across Fenella's body, her suspenders exposed, her shapely legs the perfect model for a stocking advertisement.

Fleshy thighs

As they continued to fight, Nurse Walton, though still determined to make her patient pay for resisting her in this way, felt a mild excitement at the contact she was having with her body. More than once, she had almost found herself in the 'scissors' formed by Fenella's legs, and the beautiful, fleshy thighs had not gone unnoticed — or unfelt — by her. In other circumstances she would have liked an affair with this rich young woman, but knew that a large social gulf permanently separated them.

Fenella had no such feelings about the nurse. She was simply determined to teach her a lesson and she was prepared to go to almost any

lengths to achieve it.

She now managed to push the nurse onto her back and for a moment she straddled her, but almost at once the dark-haired Miss Walton extricated herself, quickly getting to her feet. The two women now circled each other, but no one seemed willing to make the first move. Fenella was quite determined to demonstrate her superiority quite apart from getting back at Nurse Walton, while the latter's anger was gradually mounting as she began to realize that this rich young lady was not the pushover she had thought she was.

After more circling Nurse Walton got a grip on Fenella's arm, began to twist it, but then with a sudden move the young woman patient got the nurse into a headlock. She held it for some minutes, Nurse Walton almost having to beg to be released but with a desperate wriggle she freed herself, grabbing the younger girl by the waist, falling to the carpet with her. Now ensued a long-drawn-out struggle on the floor, first one, then the other seeming to gain the advantage. Briefly Fenella clamped on the headlock when they got to their feet again, but when Nurse Walton freed herself it wasn't long before she was able to retaliate with the scissors.

Having got the blonde into the scissors Nurse Walton was determined to make her submit. But Fenella wasn't going to give up so easily and she managed to twist her head round a little despite the

pressure of Nurse Walton's stockinged thighs on her throat. And as she twisted herself, so did the nurse who now raised herself from the carpet, turning her legs as she twisted round far enough to place her hands on the carpet, raising the upper part of her body. Fenella was now forced round in the scissors so that her face was virtually in the nurse's knickered crotch and she felt the extreme pressure uncovered part of the nurse's thighs against her face.

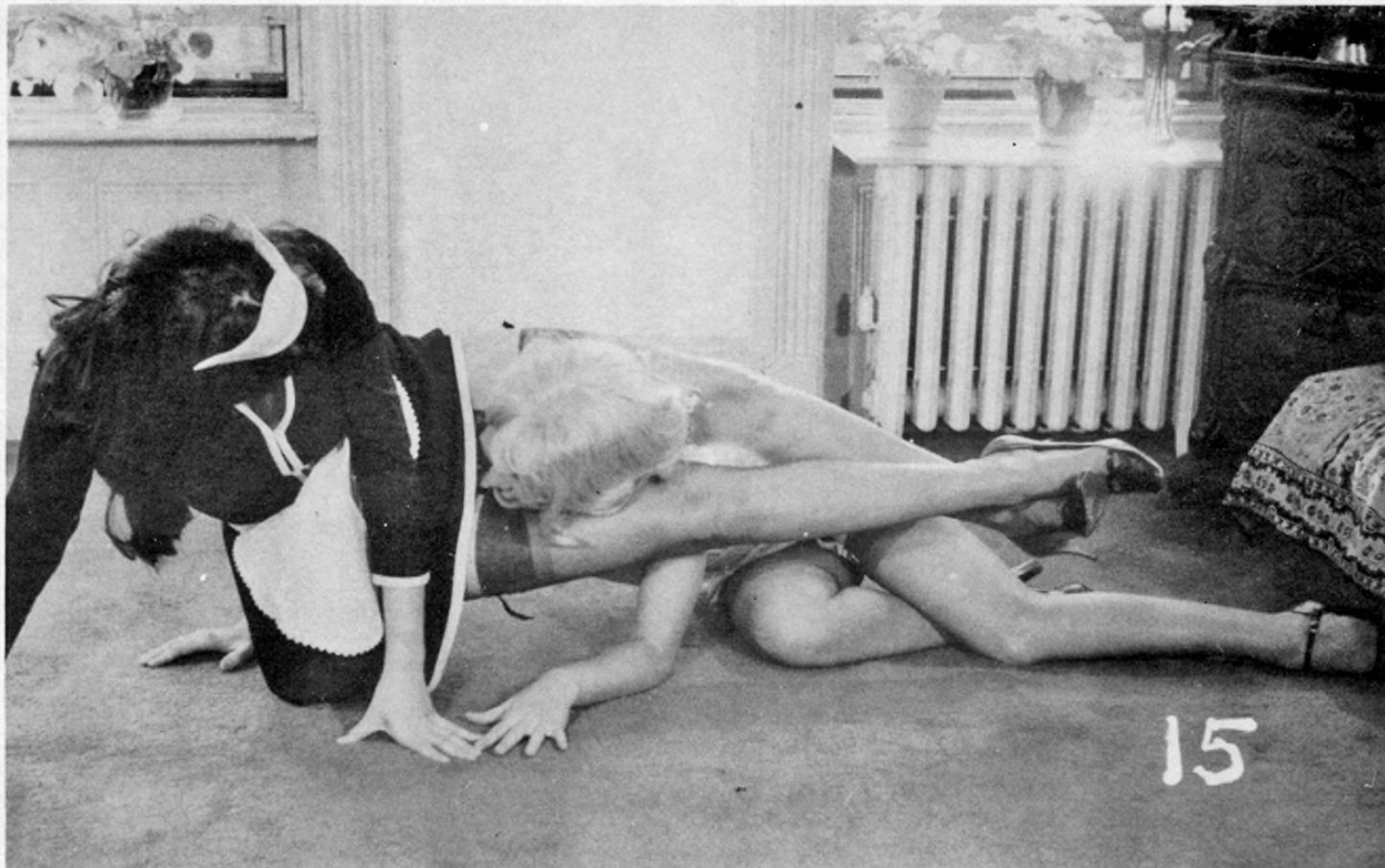
It was impossible to decide how long Nurse Walton would have been able to sustain the scissors hold, or for that matter how long Fenella would have put up with it. But the issue wasn't settled for at that moment there was a peremptory knock on Miss Lincoln's suite door and Nurse Walton had no choice but to release the patient.

'Stay where you are,' she gasped as she released the young blonde. 'We'll settle this between us without bringing anyone else into it.' She got to her feet and walked through the arch of the annex to the door of the suite. She heard Fenella Lincoln say: 'I shall be only too pleased to settle it between us. I'm going to put you in your place, you upstart'.

* * *

It was an hour or two later when Nurse Walton returned to Miss Lincoln's suite.

She found the young blonde stretched out on her bed, wearing



the same short white dress, her elegant legs dangling over the side. She held a cigarette in her right hand.

'There's no smoking in the nursing home,' said Nurse Walton. 'That's absolutely forbidden.'

'Is it?' asked Miss Lincoln. 'Well, as it happens I've just finished the cigarette which is just as well. As far as I remember we agreed to resume the fight we were having earlier.' As she spoke she stubbed out her cigarette and got to her feet, looking challengingly at Nurse Walton.

'Settle it between us'

'It's quite ridiculous that you should be behaving in this way,' observed the nurse. 'I really should report you to Matron but in the circumstances I think it is better that we did settle this between us. I think I'm best qualified to put you in your place, young lady, once and for all.' She had to admit to herself that she liked the look of the young blonde when she was angry for her face was flushed and her eyes gleamed challengingly. She was certainly beautiful but never so much as when she was worked up, her adrenaline flowing.

She grabbed her unexpectedly by her waist and in a moment the two women were struggling on the floor, and once again Nurse Walton got the upper hand fairly quickly, getting Fenella's body between her legs in a tight scissors hold, even though she herself was on her back. She

squeezed her as tightly as she could, her crossed thighs gripping her as in a vice, her arms round her in a bear hug. She had her where she wanted her — both in a purely physical sense and in a way that gave her the most satisfying erotic 'kick'. Had anyone entered the room at the moment they would have been hard put to it to decide whether the position they were in — and which Nurse Walton retained for some moments — was one that had arisen in the course of a struggle between two women or whether it had another kind of significance altogether — a sexual one. Nurse Walton was in two minds herself: she resented the girl and wanted to punish her, but she also felt a strong attraction towards her and the position she was in, holding the girl tight to her body, gripped both by her legs and arms, gave her a great deal of satisfaction.

But Miss Lincoln had no such feelings towards Nurse Walton and the second the nurse relaxed her hold a little she squirmed out of her grip, grabbed her hair and began to tug it as, at the same time, she planted a knee in Nurse Walton's belly, momentarily winding her. The nurse quickly recovered and, angered by the way the blonde had pulled her hair and taken advantage of her by pushing a knee into her, she was more than ever determined to show her who was the master, while still, enjoying the struggle with her and the proximity of her lovely body.

But despite her strenuous efforts Fenella now succeeded in pinioning the nurse to the floor and, edging forward as she straddled her body, she finally pinned her by her shoulders. Struggle and wriggle as she might Nurse Walton was beaten and she knew it.

* * *

Miss Lincoln, triumph all over her face, got to her feet.

'Well, who is master now?' she asked, a smile on her face.

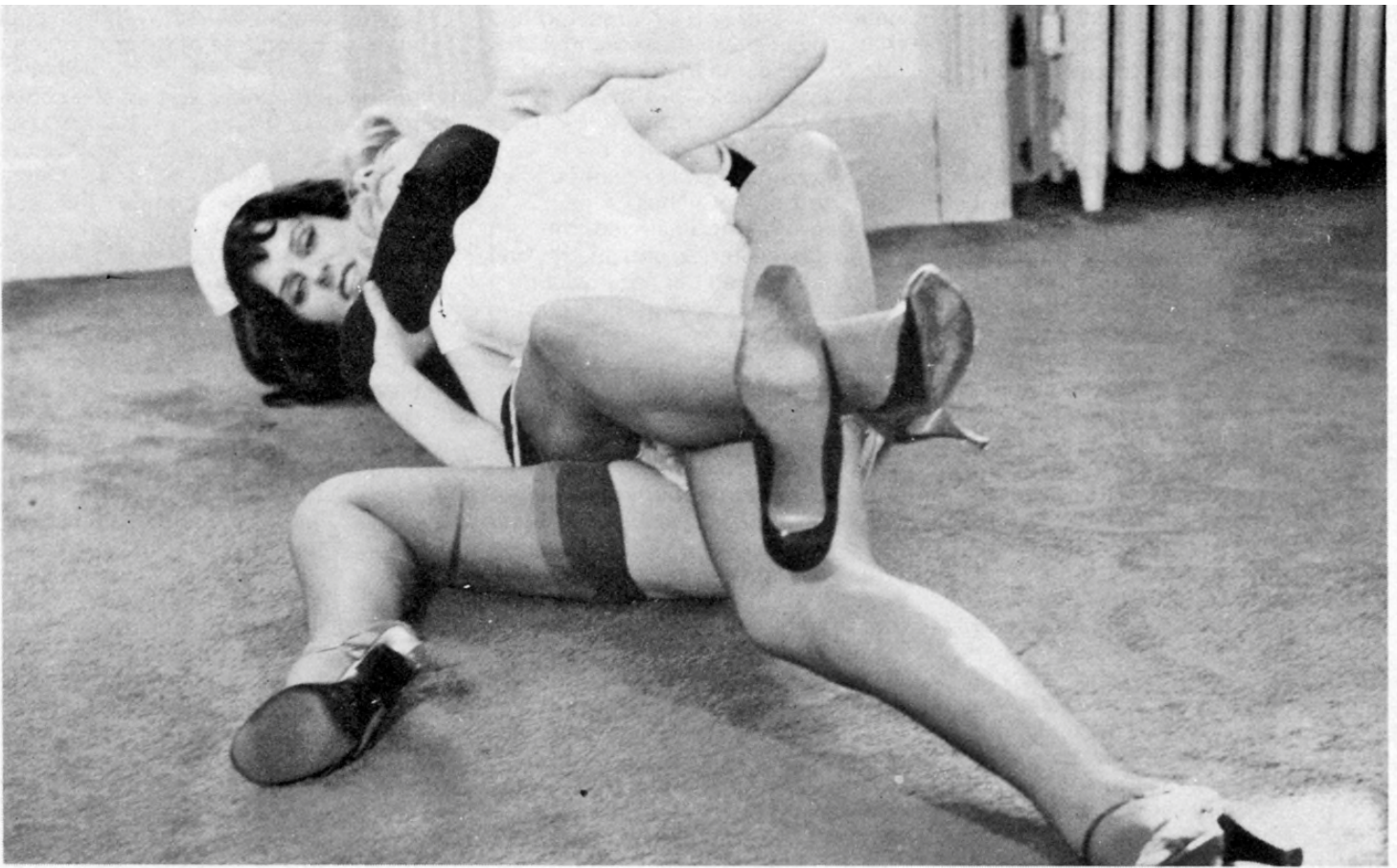
Nonplussed Nurse Walton slowly got to her feet, eyeing the slim but physically strong blonde sceptically.

'You may have got the upper hand for once,' she reluctantly admitted, 'but you would never succeed with me again. I have been up most of the night attending to patients while you have simply slept and lazed about ever since you came here. If you had my work to do, you'd have succumbed long ago.'

'You seem very sure of yourself, Nurse Walton,' said the blonde, her eyes flashing. 'Well, if that's so, we'll make things equal by choosing a time when you've not been so busy and we'll fight to the finish. Are you likely to have such a time soon?'

No holds barred

Nurse Walton hated to discuss an arrangement with the girl but as she had lost out for once she had no other choice. She would certainly see that she beat her next time, and



she welcomed the idea of a 'fight to the finish'.

'No holds barred?' she said.

'No holds barred,' agreed Miss Lincoln; 'punching breasts as well if you like.'

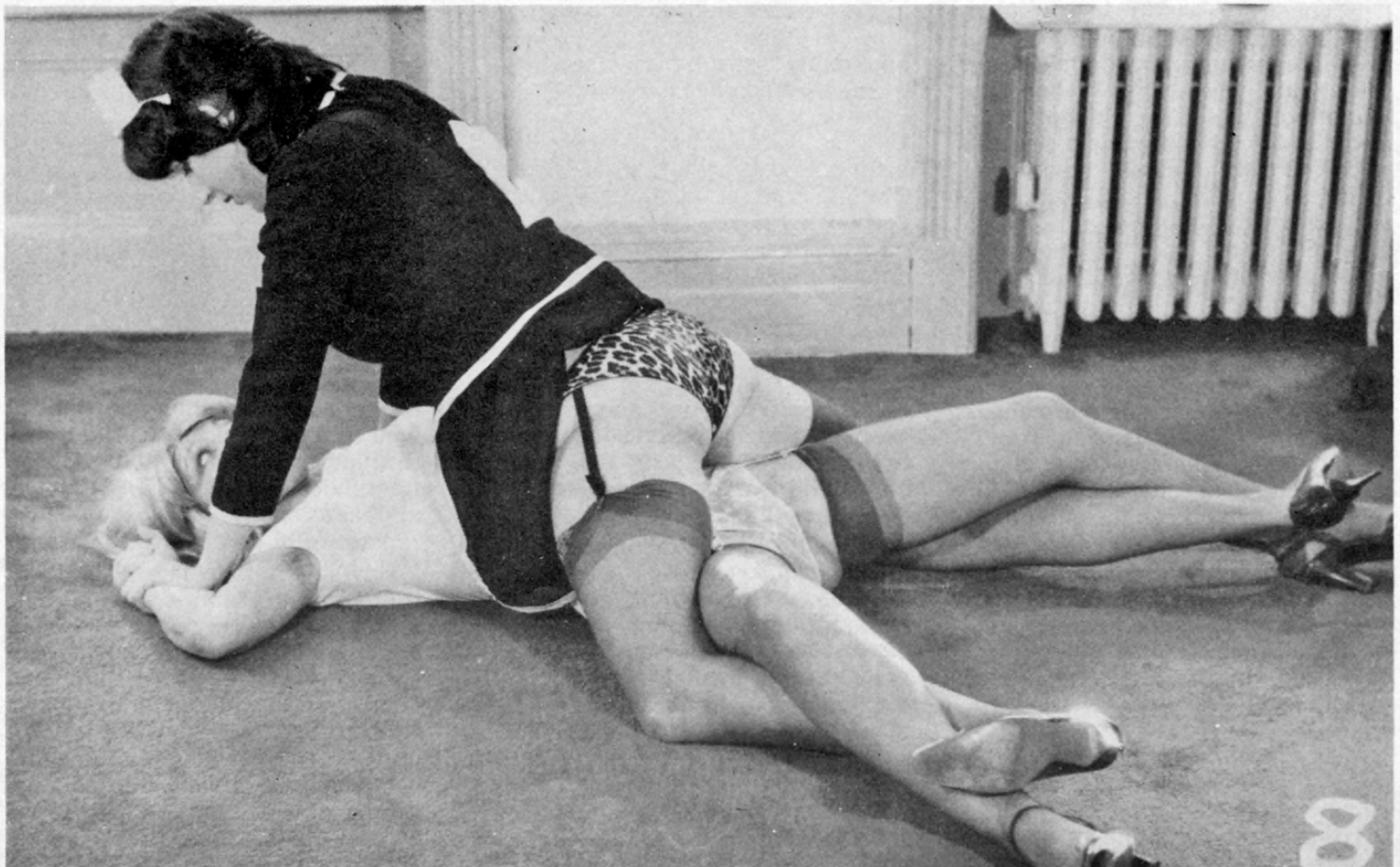
Nurse Walton made no comment on that point but made up her mind to remember it when the time came

and she found herself with the opportunity to punch the blonde in the breasts. She didn't like the idea of punching, but if it was necessary she would do it. She really preferred the close, hugging type of wrestling which gave both her aggression an outlet as well as her sexual longings.

It was agreed, then, that they

should meet in a proper bout of fighting at the first suitable time and when Nurse Walton was not exhausted from her work in the nursing home.

'I am off on Tuesday afternoon,' said Nurse Walton, 'and I am on duty again on Wednesday at noon. I think Wednesday morning would be the



best time. I'll come here at nine o'clock. You'd better have a 'don't disturb' notice ready to put on your door.'

* * *

In keeping with the arrangement Nurse Walton went to the girl's room on the Wednesday morning and waited while Miss Lincoln fixed the 'Don't disturb' notice on the outside of the door and then locked it from the inside.

She saw that the girl looked fit and eager, and she couldn't help thinking that she also looked more attractive than she had ever seen her. It struck her that the girl had become more interesting, more alive, and even better tempered since she had first fought with her. It was obvious to Nurse Walton that for once the young blonde had something to get to grips with in her life. It occurred to her that the girl might do better than take up wrestling as a career, now that there were the beginnings of a woman's wrestling circuit in the country!

The two women stood facing each other ready for the fight.

As before the nurse wore a short black dress with apron, light-tan nylons, and black high-heel shoes, while Fenella wore a short white dress and an equally attractive pair of almost transparent nylons that did full justice to her shapely legs.

Double bear hug

They began to circle each other, occasionally clasping hands and then breaking away from each other. Then they went into a double bear hug during which Nurse Walton did her utmost to lift the girl from the floor, while Fenella made repeated efforts to trip the nurse in the hope of falling on top of her. Eventually they broke the hug and a moment later fell on the floor together and rolled over and over on the carpet.

No one seemed to gain any superiority until, as they lay head to head, Nurse Walton managed to roll Fenella onto her back and get an arm lock on her. The latter more than once half-freed herself but again and again Nurse Walton was able to move and sustain the lock, until in the end Fenella broke loose by first kicking off her shoes and then viciously using her feet against the nurse's legs. As soon as she got free she leapt to her feet. Nurse Walton now followed suit, removing her shoes which implied that they were both free to use their feet as they wished.

Miss Lincoln now began to perform almost as if she had had experience of all-in wrestling, much to Nurse Walton's astonishment and dismay. She knew that she could not

deal with that sort of wrestling and that it was therefore essential that she should come to grips with her as soon as possible. But that was not easy for her to achieve for Miss Lincoln began to use her feet to keep her away, and she also seemed to be ready to trade punches.

Nurse Walton encircled the girl two or three times and in the end managed to grab her arm, twisting it fiercely and grabbing her by the waist as she let go. Giving the girl a bear hug, she then lunged with her knee into her back and pulled her over, arching her back over one knee. But more determined than ever to get her to the floor, for which she had a double motive, she lifted the girl with both arms and threw her down, at once pouncing on her. The two women rolled over for a while before, finally, Nurse Walton had the blonde on her back and, immediately stamping on one of her arms, she then straddled her and lowered herself onto her hips and pressed down her shoulders with her hands.

The young girl was now completely helpless and at Nurse Walton's mercy. To make her position even more secure she reached under the girl's calves with her legs and then bent them back to twist her feet round the girl's ankles. It was now quite impossible for Fenella to move and she was completely at Nurse Walton's disposal.

It was a sight to excite even the most jaundiced eye, and especially anyone who liked to see two women in the posture of lovers, the man on top of the woman. Fenella, apparently as submissive to as a woman would be to her lover, lay on her back, her patterned nylon knickers exposed to view, her beautiful nyloned legs spread wide. On top of her, like a predator, Nurse Walton, her hands pressing the girl's outstretched arms was urging her genital area against the girl's mons veneris, her skirt caught up far enough to reveal her bottom sheathed in a pair of tight-fitting leopard-skin knickers. Much of the upper part of her thighs was exposed and her strong legs were twisted round those of her victim making her completely helpless.

'Now I've got you where I want you,' said Nurse Walton, her face flushed and excited as she looked down into the face of the girl. It was wonderfully exhilarating for her to be in such a commanding situation and to be in a posture that simulated the male role in face-to-face sex.

Short-lived triumph

But her triumph was relatively short-lived for by some superhuman effort Miss Lincoln first untwisted

her legs from Nurse Walton's and then wriggled free of the grip on her wrists and hands, immediately bending her knees so that she could butt Nurse Walton in her crotch. Falling to one side Nurse Walton suddenly found herself being thumped by the blonde and her arms twisted behind her. In the next few minutes it was almost impossible to follow the movements of the two women for they fought like cats, putting everything they knew into it. Eventually, both of them exhausted and breathless, they moved away from each other and, while watching each other guardedly, sat apart to regain their breath, Miss Lincoln on her bed, Nurse Walton on the dressing stool.

* * *

'Well, shall we continue?' asked Fenella after a ten minutes' interval. As she spoke she got to her feet, adjusted her suspenders and reached out as if to grasp hold of Nurse Walton. Both women were now wearing their shoes again.

The nurse had been strangely affected by the close contact she had had physically with Miss Lincoln and her repressed desire to make love to the girl now could not easily be hidden. She half expected that if they got into a bear hug again she would probably make a fool or worse of herself by doing something irrevocable, probably kissing the blonde or showing by the look in her face that she had other ideas besides those of winning a fight against her.

But she knew that it would be fatal for her job at the nursing home if she gave way to such sexual feelings. The only way was to get the girl into a position, apparently accidental, that would bring them so close that the girl herself might show some kind of reciprocal feelings towards her.

When they began to fight again they did so in a more subdued manner, for even Miss Lincoln, despite the contempt she normally felt for her inferiors, had come to have a sort of respect and liking for Nurse Walton's fighting qualities as well as her persistence. They went through a number of holds, none of them decisive, and it began to appear as if they had exhausted their repertoire of holds, locks and grips.

However, after Nurse Walton was tripped by the blonde she was able to get the scissors on the girl's neck and she held her in that position for some minutes while her opponent struggled valiantly to free herself. Nurse Walton now saw the possibility of getting the girl onto her back and pinning her, and she waited for a moment when she sensed Fenella was off her guard. Then she relaxed the scissors,



scrambled forward, quickly sitting on the girl's bosom, swivelling round and straddling her, her buttocks resting heavily on the girl's breasts. Now she had her pinioned to the floor, her knees at either side of her face. Very gradually — and despite a tremendous effort to throw the nurse off — Fenella's arms were forced back over her head, Nurse Walton edging forward to sit even closer to the girl's head. Then with a final move she pushed her knickered crotch into Fenella's face and pinioned her hands firmly above her head.

In a last, desperate attempt to escape from the pin, the girl lifted her legs in the air and began to wave them about in an effort to gain momentum, but all her attempts to shift Nurse Walton were unavailing. Finally she lay still, her face pressed into Nurse Walton's crotch, her head held as in a vice between the nurse's athletic thighs.

'Now I can do whatever I like with you, Fenella,' said Nurse Walton; but there was no menace in her voice but a huskiness that to anyone who knew her well signified that she was lusting after the girl's body

rather than boasting of her superiority.

'Yes, all right, do it,' gasped the girl, her voice muffled by Nurse Walton's skirt.

'You'd be surprised if I did,' observed Nurse Walton.

'I want you to: just do what you want.'

Nurse Walton imagined that the girl had no idea what was in her mind. She probably thought that the nurse was going to give her a thumping or some other kind of punishment for her transgressions since she came to the nursing home.

'I will,' said Nurse Walton, her voice now almost a murmur.

She said no more and still sitting well forward on the girl's breasts she leaned right over until her crotch pressed against the girl's mouth and nose, her arms outstretched before her. She lay in that position to see if there was to be any kind of response from the girl, but Fenella lay completely still underneath her.

Then Nurse Walton sat upright, uncovering Fenella's face. She gently took hold of her head in both hands, bent over and kissed her lips.

Still the girl did not respond, simply gazing at Nurse Walton, a quizzical look on her face.

'Don't move for a moment,' said Nurse Walton almost in a whisper. She stood up, pushed her knickers from her legs and resumed her position on the girl's bosom, leaning forward far enough for her naked vulva to press against the blonde's lips. For a moment she was fully prepared for a violent reaction from the girl, but instead Fenella lay perfectly still allowing the nurse to rub her labia against her mouth.

* * *

Half an hour later the two women were in bed together.

'I wondered if you had any sexual feelings about me,' Fenella was saying. 'It first struck me that you might have when you sat on my belly earlier on, and from that moment I felt a kind of tingling sensation everytime we were really close to each other. But I did not dare to admit it to you. I thought you would be horrified if I happened to have misjudged what was in your mind, and, apart from that, I have never been able to admit to myself such feelings about a woman before. Now I know that I am capable of a sexual response to a woman. It must have been the way you fought that attracted me and made me aware of my feelings.' With those words she drew Nurse Walton close to her until their breasts and mounds touched, and their lips met in a sustained French kiss that sent both of them into a transport of ecstasy.

THESE ARE THE TWO GREATEST WRESTLING GIRLS IN THE WORLD!... AND NOW THEY'RE GOING TO BEGIN A REVENGE MATCH, AFTER THE VICTORY OF BLACK MASK, AFTER THE FIRST MEETING THEY HAD, ONE YEAR AGO....

...AND THE OTHER IS BLOND PANTHER!



I AM ANXIOUS
TO FIGHTING YOU
AGAIN,
BLACK MASK!

THIS IS
BLACK
MASK AND...

The Revenge

ME TOO!!
I WANT TO
PROOF YOU
THAT I'M
THE BEST
OF US!





AND THE COMBAT IS TERRIBLE BETWEEN THE TWO SUPER-WOMEN!



THAT IS ME!
GET FLYING
WAY DARLING!

AND SOON..







Carpet kissing time

Sensual Apartment Wrestling



A struggle to escape



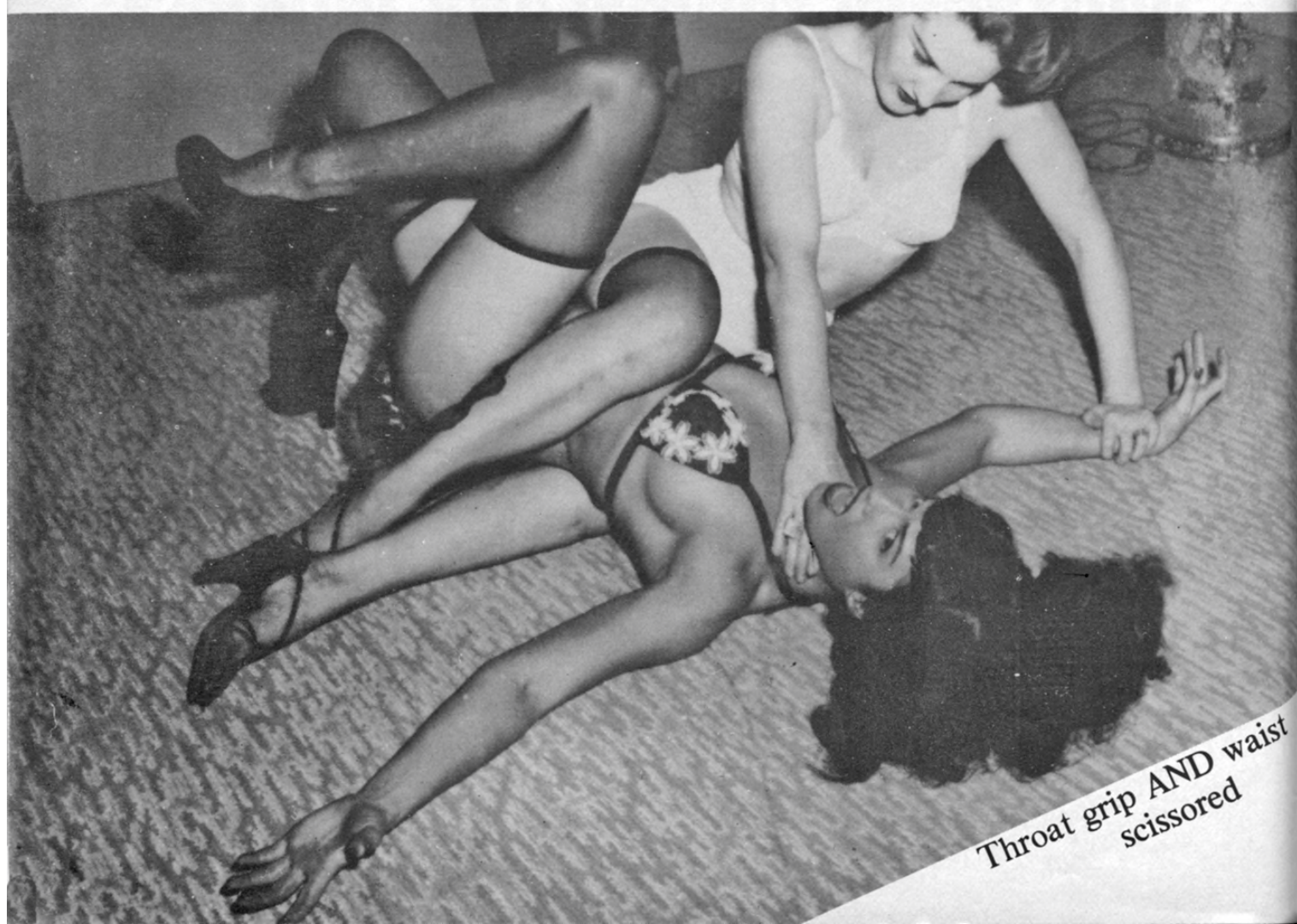
In a worse plight than ever



*Nylon stockinged
knee submission*



Tables turned . . . at last



Throat grip AND waist
scissored



Threatened into near submission



Done . . .
well and truly

SUE AND LINDA WRESTLE IN THE WOODS

Linda and Sue had been to a dance, and had overlooked the fact that the last bus to Sue's home went soon after half-past eleven. As it was after midnight Linda suggested that she could stay at her parents' house.

They walked to Linda's, which was no more than half a mile from the dance hall, and crept up to her bedroom, after phoning Sue's parents.

'We'll have to be quiet,' said Linda. 'My parents won't mind you staying but they'd go mad if we woke them at this time.' As she spoke she closed the bedroom door and kicked off her shoes.

Sue liked the atmosphere of her friend's bedroom: it was light, quietly decorated, with a large double bed jutting from one wall. 'Lucky to have such a large bed,' she observed. 'Are we going to sleep in the same bed?'

'I don't see why not,' replied Linda. 'I don't expect you to sleep on the floor.'

There was a silence in the room as the two girls began to undress. 'Bathroom's down the passage,' said Linda, 'but for God's sake go as quietly as you can.'

The two girls went off to the loo in turn and then finished undressing, Linda offering Sue a spare nightie.

Sue was a somewhat boyish girl for her age — she was seventeen — while you would think of Linda as more girlish. She looked up to Sue to a certain extent, admiring her rather dominating manner, while Sue, in her turn, always thought of her friend as the prettiest girl she had ever had as a friend. They often chased the same boy-friends and sometimes one of them would be jealous about the other's success, but their differences usually didn't last for long. On the whole their friendship, based on a kind of mutual attraction, was little affected by the various tiffs they had over boy-friends.

This was the first time the two girls had spent the night together and for the first time Sue's interest in

her friend went slightly further than the normally platonic feelings she had for her. As Linda undressed she couldn't help taking apparently casual but really quite purposeful glances at her, thinking how lovely she was. And when they finally got into bed, Sue felt a kind of tension building up between them, though Linda was scarcely aware of anything of the kind.

Linda turned away from her friend and closed her eyes, but then felt Sue move a little closer until her friend's breasts seemed to press gently against her back, while her thighs were bent so that they touched her bottom. But there was nothing wrong with one girl wanting to be close to another, she thought. They were the best of friends and the fact that Sue was so close to her — and seemed to be moving slowly even closer — had no particular significance.

It was when she felt Sue's arm reach round her midriff that she began to feel a mild tingling sensation run through her body. But, of course, Sue was just being affectionate and, anyway, it was nice to be so very close to her. It was almost as if she were being protective.

Luscious body

Sue liked the contact with her friend's luscious body but she was aware that if she overdid it Linda might react and move farther across the bed. It was better not to press herself in an obviously physical way on her friend, as much as she regretted that it would be a missed opportunity if she didn't.

It was as she lay there, an arm loosely around Linda, that Sue began to ask herself whether there was something wrong with her in feeling so attracted to another girl. In the end she decided that it was quite normal for two girls as close as they were to want to express their friendship physically, but immediately she came to that decision she knew that she could never explain it to Linda.

She felt pretty sure that Linda would be shocked if she actually told her she felt a kind of physical attraction towards her.

She had to find some way of having physical contact with Linda, but this was not really the time and the place. She would have to think of some other way, she decided as she finally went off to sleep.

* * *

It was watching wrestling on television one Saturday afternoon that gave Sue the right idea. Wrestling was fun in itself — at least the way she saw it — and it meant that the two participants were continually in the closest possible contact. She wondered if the professional wrestlers she was watching had any physical feelings towards each other, either of attraction or repulsion. She wondered what one of them would be thinking as his head was squeezed between the other's thighs. She tried to imagine something similar taking place between Linda and herself and she asked herself what it would be like for her friend if she was squeezed between her legs. Sue herself would certainly like to have her thighs tightly round Sue's body, that she did know! She could see herself wearing a short skirt, stockingless, perhaps wearing knee-length boots, sitting on the grass somewhere, Linda lying with her head inside her crossed-legs. As the vision filled her thoughts she enjoyed the most deliciously exciting feelings and she felt the first stirrings of sexual desire, stirrings which she tried to suppress but which persisted all the time she watched the wrestling.

Well, why not? Why not somehow fix a wrestling bout with Linda? They often went for a picnic in Seddlescombe woods and lay together, side by side, in the grass. Would it be so far fetched to suggest that they wrestled?

* * *



It was the following Saturday that Linda found herself with Sue in Seddlescombe woods. They had reached a small clearing, well shielded on all sides by trees and had, at Sue's suggestion, decided to rest for a while. Sue sensed that if ever she was going to put forward the idea of wrestling together, now was the ideal opportunity.

'Last week at this time,' she said, 'I was watching the wrestling on television. I know it's a bit phoney but I find it quite exciting. I think it would be nice to wrestle with someone — I mean another girl.'

'Do you really?' asked Linda.

'Well, why not? It's not like boxing. You can't hurt one another. I mean you can't if you don't allow forearm smashes and things like that. Just wrestling like the Greeks did. It must be very exciting. I think.'

Boyish quality

Linda always thought of Sue as something of a tomboy and she admired this boyish quality in her. She could just see her friend throwing another girl and leaping on top of her, straddling her, her knees pressing down on her shoulders!

But Linda did not respond in any way to Sue's suggestion except to say that she thought Sue might be good at it. That, as it proved, was enough for Sue.

'Do you think so? Yes, I suppose I would. Unfortunately I can never put it to the test because I don't know another girl wrestler. But I would really like to try.'

It was at that precise moment that Linda remembered how her friend had got close to her in bed two or three weeks before. At the time she had not admitted it to herself but now she knew that she had really wanted her to get even closer to her. There was really nothing wrong in two girls liking each other, putting their arms round each other, though, of course, many people wouldn't see it like that, especially her own parents. In fact it was the thought of her parents sleeping in the very next room that had inhibited her incipient sensations of excitement that night. Also, she did not really like to admit to herself that it was as nice to have Sue's arm round her as it was to have a boy's. She knew that it was awful to think of such a thing, and even now — now that she was alone with Sue in the woods — she dared hardly come face to face with it. She was also frightened of admitting anything of the kind to Sue, for she had no idea that Sue had somewhat reciprocal feelings about her, assuming that when Sue put her arm round her it was just a natural expression of affection and had nothing physical about it.

However Sue had said she would

like to try — to try wrestling with another girl. If that was so, then there would be nothing wrong in suggesting that she wouldn't mind wrestling with her — just for fun!

These thoughts had occupied Linda for no more than a minute or so, but long enough for Sue to feel some disappointment that her words had brought no reaction. She was beginning to think she would have to make the suggestion in a more direct way when Linda spoke.

'Well, if you really want to wrestle . . . I mean . . . if you don't know anyone who goes in for that sort of thing . . . then I suppose I could try . . .'

Sue felt her heart begin to beat faster. Linda was actually ready to wrestle with her! Linda really was a darling, so ready to please her, to fit in with her funny ideas, little knowing the real reason why she wanted to wrestle with her. She silently congratulated herself on the way she had pulled it off.

'Do you really mean that?' asked Sue. 'Oh, I'd just love to wrestle with you, especially out here in the open. I just couldn't imagine doing it in front of anyone else, in a ring or anything. It's just lovely here, on the grass. Shall we then?' As she asked the last question she got to her feet and began to take off a short leather jacket she wore over her sweater.

'Yes,' said Linda, 'let's. It might be



quite fun.' She too was on her feet and unbuttoning her jacket. 'Over there,' she added, pointing to a flat piece of grass ten or twelve yards away. 'That'll be the ideal place.'

Both girls wore the same kind of outfit when they went on their picnics in the woods — short jackets over sweaters, tight-fitting shorts (Linda's a pair of jeans cut back to so short that they left her thighs practically uncovered), and calf-length boots. Now that they had taken off their jackets they both looked splendid in their tight sweaters and shorts, their breasts jutting provocatively through their sweaters, their legs bare from the top of their thighs to a few inches below their knees.

In a matter of moments the two girls were ready and stood facing each other, Sue filled with intense excitement at the thought of getting hold of Linda in a way she had longed to do, Linda wondering what it would be like when Sue grappled with her.

Handclasp

Sue was the first to reach out and clasp Linda's hand, and, as she held it she put out a leg and pushed Linda from her feet. In a moment the two girls were grappling with each other in the short grass. Momentarily Linda was on her back but she managed to sit up as Linda changed her grip, but it wasn't long before the latter, pressing her feet into the grass, was putting her full weight on Linda's arm, while with her right arm she was pressing her friend's head forward.

The first few moments of contact between them went by more or less unnoticed by them for they were too intent on trying to get to grips with each other, and to get to grips successfully. Linda sensed that she would turn out to be the weaker of

the two but she decided it would be fun to put all she knew into it as it was for Sue's benefit that she was originally prompted to engage in a wrestling match, and it would be no fun for her if she gave her a 'walk-over'. So she struggled keenly, forgetting for the moment her desire to have Sue's arms round her.

Sue had a double objective and as she struggled with Linda she was very much aware of the other girl's physical presence, while, at the same time, she had the competitive desire to win the bout. But she would not overdo things at first for it might be too easy for her and then, before she knew what had happened, she would have won and it would be all over. Her aim was to struggle as intimately as possible with her friend, pretending that she was having quite a lot of difficulty in coping with her.

We shall learn of the two girls' thoughts as the contest developed but for one moment let us try to take

on the role of an interested spectator, supposing one had by chance come across the two girls as they wrestled together in the clearing. It would have been an intensely exciting thing to watch for at that moment Linda, still in a half sitting position, was exerting every effort to stop her friend from pushing her over. Sue's physically strong and attractive thighs would have caught the spectator's eye at once as she pressed her left knee into Linda's thigh, while her other leg dug into the grass to gain leverage, her two legs, inevitably parted, her bottom in its tight-fitting shorts drawing the eye from her thighs. It was difficult to see their faces for their long hair fell forward and one could only guess at what they were thinking . . .

Shoulders pinioned

It wasn't long before it seemed that Sue was beginning to get the upper hand. For a few moments Linda was on her face in the grass and Sue saw her chance to get on top of her, pinion her shoulders, and claim to have won the first bout. Linda knew that she would have to struggle hard to avoid this, and she preferred not to lose out so quickly. Making an all-out effort she fought vigorously, pushing Sue from her, and grabbing her by her waist. For a few brief instants the two girls were face to face, Sue's hot breath on Linda's cheeks, clasped together in the tightest embrace, giving Linda the most ecstatic feelings.

Linda would have liked to be held like that much longer but she decided it would be even nicer if she could somehow manoeuvre it so that they were in precisely the same embrace but lying together in the grass. She put her leg behind Sue and, rather to her surprise, was successful in tripping her. In a



moment instead of the other way round she found herself on top of her friend and within an ace of victory. She edged forward, straddled her, and had her knees pinioning Sue's shoulders before Sue could regain her feet. And then in a desperate attempt to free herself Sue struggled as fiercely as she could, forcing Linda to move even farther forward until, perhaps to the surprise of them both, Linda's bottom was firmly placed on Sue's breasts, her long girlish thighs gripping the sides of Sue's face, her crotch pressing against her chin.

Sue had longed to get Linda into this position but by chance the tables were turned and she lay there under her friend, now suddenly enjoying the sensation of being under her, Linda's lovely thighs against her face, the crotch of her shorts hard against her chin. She wanted to show her competitiveness by wriggling free from under her, but the intensely exciting sensations she got from the position she was in made her hesitate. She would pretend to struggle but it was so nice to be under Linda, to have such intimate contact with her. It could never have happened except for wrestling, she thought.

Linda could not help but be amused at her success for Sue was quite unable to extricate herself, but she knew that it was more by accident than design that it had happened in this way. In any case, she decided that she would, in a way, rather be in Sue's position than her own. It would be especially exciting to have Sue's thighs gripping her face as hers were now gripping Sue's . . .

Both girls, however, accepted the situation for the moment, both pretending that the struggle was still going on: Sue acting as if she were exerting herself to get free, Linda pressing down on her friend as if to suggest she was having difficulty in keeping her pinioned. And as the simulated struggle went on, their intimate physical proximity provoked in them feelings that were no longer merely physical but had become sexual. But neither sensed what the other was feeling, nor would either of them risk revealing what was going on in their minds.

Desire for embrace

It was Linda, so intensely affected by the desire to be embraced by her friend that her juices had begun to flow, who made the first move, relinquishing her grip on Sue's cheeks, fearful that she would become so wet that her shorts would reveal it. She got to her feet and suggested that she had drawn first blood. 'Best of three,' she laughed.

'Let's have a break first,' said Sue, overwhelmed by feelings of desire for Linda's body, and terrified that she would make it so obvious that she would offend her.

She was even more terrified of being thought of as a lesbian, and she would never admit such a thing, either to herself or anyone else. She had to be careful. She did like the idea of being in the closest embrace with Linda, holding her so tight that the girl could never escape, perhaps kissing her shoulders, even her mouth. But the thought was really so outrageous that she dared hardly formulate it in her mind. Whatever would Linda think if she really told her the truth? That she could even see herself lying naked in bed with her, lying on top of her, kissing her mouth as she simulated masculine sexual movements? And, horror of horrors, she would not mind even . . . even kissing her other lips, her head between her thighs, putting her tongue inside them . . . !



She knew that her dark thoughts were obscene but she could not suppress them, and now that she had felt the warm proximity of Linda's body in a way she would never have thought possible she was going to have the greatest difficulty in controlling herself. She would simply have to make everything look as if it had happened by accident. She would even let her friend straddle her again so that when she herself straddled Linda it would not seem so extraordinary.

They rested for a few minutes and then they resumed, both girls eager for the physical contact that a cat fight provided.

Almost at once Sue gripped Linda round her waist, her face brushing hers, their legs entwined. Falling to the ground Sue managed to get half on top of Linda whose legs whirled

like windmill blades in the air; then she pressed her head against one of Linda's thighs as with her hands she tried to hold her down, her own legs sprawled out behind her on the grass.

Both girls now exerted every effort, the physical struggle now taking precedence over their sexual feelings, Sue desired to convince Linda that she was, indeed, the more powerful and stronger of the two, while Linda, who had never in her life felt any wish to demonstrate her physical superiority, felt her adrenaline rising and began to want to show her friend that she was not quite as lacking strength as she sometimes appeared.

During the next few minutes the two girls put everything they knew into the struggle — a struggle that was rapidly developing into a fight. One moment Sue was almost on top of her friend, the next it was Linda who gained the upper hand only to find that it was increasingly difficult

for her to keep Sue down. At another moment their legs were entwined, their arms embracing one another; while at another Linda's head would be squeezed between Sue's thighs.

But then, making a supreme effort, Linda once again managed to get Sue onto her back and, full of triumph, she got one leg over her belly while she pressed her shoulders back with her hands. Sue struggled fiercely, kicking her legs and arching her back but Linda's weight began to tell, for she was a little heavier than Sue, and she finally got her legs over her belly and mounted her.

Sue did not give up, however, resenting the fact that Linda, who was generally regarded as the weaker of the two, had twice managed to get her onto her back and to straddle her. Reaching up she

pulled at Linda in an attempt to topple her, forcing Linda to move up her belly to sit across her midriff. And then as she saw that Sue was almost on the point of wriggling from under her she moved further up her body, finally plonking her bottom on her breasts and neck, her crotch over the other girl's mouth, her thighs on either side of her face. She had achieved the victorious position for the second time!

innocent it would appear when she did it and the position were reversed.

'Do you really think you are stronger?' Sue asked her.

'No, not really. I'm sure that if we really fought you'd win. But we're girls after all and we can't do the things that men do, and I have an idea you've held back in case you hurt me.'

As she sat on Sue's shoulders she



Linda little knew that Sue had deliberately given way so that she could later assume a similar position herself — the dominant position she really wanted to be in with her friend. Nor, for that matter, did Sue realize that Linda herself really wanted to be under Sue, to have Sue's crotch against her mouth for she no longer really felt any inhibitions about their relationship and allowing it to take the shape they both desired. Now that she was on top of Sue — she had an idea it would never happen again — she wanted to do things that she hoped Sue would do to her, but she would do them as if accidentally. As she moved even closer with her crotch to Sue's mouth she was smiling and laughing as if completely unaware and to distract Sue from realizing the truth she took hold of her nose and tweaked it, boasting that, after all, she was the stronger of the two.

Simulated sex

Sue let her have her way and agreed that perhaps she was indeed the better at wrestling. Anyway it was nice to have Linda there, her legs near her face, the smell of her sex filling her nostrils. But later she would assume command, take on the full masculine role, and indulge in simulated sex. The longer Linda sat straddling her, the more

edged her crotch over her friend's mouth. If only — and she dared hardly put it into words — if only she could be in Sue's position and Sue would unzip her shorts. She would lick her vulva!

As she phrased that sentence in her mind she was horrified and hoped that Sue would never discover her lascivious and lecherous feelings. Sue would certainly be shocked if she had any idea of the awful thoughts that seemed to be possessing her, thoughts that a few weeks ago she would have repressed immediately.

However, she couldn't sit on Sue's shoulders for ever and she decided to get up in case Sue got the wrong idea.

'We'd better go,' she said, hiding her reluctance, and find somewhere near the stream to have the picnic.'

Sue was quite happy that they should break off the contest for she was satisfied that the foundations of her future intimacy with Linda had been laid. There was no need to hurry things. When the right moment came there would be nothing to stop her doing what Linda had done and — taking things a stage further.

* * *

It wasn't until two weeks later that the two girls found themselves

alone together again, and, as it happened, in the same clearing in the woods.

They had both been studying hard — Sue to become an airlines hostess, Linda at her secretarial course — and had at the same time to work part-time to earn their share of the housekeeping. Both girls lived with their families but were expected to make a weekly contribution to the budget, even if only a token one.

But at last they were free and it was a lovely warm Sunday in August.

'Let's wrestle again, shall we?' suggested Sue when they'd been sitting in the clearing for a few minutes.

'Good idea,' said Linda. 'Let's.'

Sue, wearing the same sweater and shorts as on the previous occasion they had wrestled, noticed that Linda's shorts were fitted with a front zip instead of the two side sips possessed by the shorts she had worn before. She felt a horrible urge to unzip her and expose her genitals, knowing that the sight of her friend's pussy would turn her on so much that she would lose all her shyness and reservations. But she felt certain that if she gave way to such a terrible temptation she would horrify Linda. She would have to play things carefully, but at least it would not seem unusual to Linda if she straddled her and gripped her face in her thighs as Linda herself had already done it twice to her.

'Leg-split'

When the two girls were ready they advanced on each other in a more decided way than on the previous occasion, really looking quite professional in the way they staved off each other's advances. But in the end it was Sue who got in the first 'blow' for, grabbing her friend's legs, she pushed them apart in what wrestlers call a 'leg-split'. It's as well that Sue wasn't professionally trained for had this been the case she could have made it really painful for Linda. As it was, the latter managed to break away and soon had Sue on the grass, pressing a knee into her breasts.

The fight — for it soon became one — rapidly warmed up as each girl took some punishment from the other. They clasped hands, and eventually it looked as if Linda had got the better of things but slowly Sue forced her down, leapt on top of her and, struggling with her, she finally got the 'scissors' on her head, squeezing her tight between her powerful thighs.

Eventually Sue released her and the two girls, now flushed from their physical exertions, were soon at grips again, and as they went down it was Sue that was on top. Briefly

Linda was able to throw her off and even got as far as getting Sue into what is called a 'scarf-hold', but she couldn't sustain it and Sue freed herself. Then she threw Linda quite heavily on the grass, straddling her, pressing her knees into her breasts.

Linda now pretended to struggle but at long last she was in the

really wanted.

It was certainly the end of the wrestling bout; both girls sensed that. The result was what they would really both have expected and now both wondered whether what the other now had in mind. Linda was content to lie there and actually closed her eyes, making no attempt

legs, parted Linda's and lay between them, resting on her elbows as she looked down, just as a lover would do, into Linda's face.

And then lowering her face to Linda's she pressed her lips to those of her friend, quickly parting them and pushing her tongue into her mouth. Linda, stirred by her friend's



posture she wanted to be in and only put up a simulated fight. Sue sat on her belly and held her down by the shoulders, making it finally impossible for Linda to get free even if she had wanted to.

'Do you give in?' Sue asked her.

Submission

'Yes,' said Linda and, relaxing, she lay back on the grass her arms stretched out submissively. 'Yes,' she said, 'I submit.' She could feel Sue's bottom on her mons veneris, her thighs, as she now bent her legs, against Sue's. she was conquered, she decided, and wanted to lie there under her conqueror.

Sue now felt her sexual desire rising, her desire to dominate the other female uppermost in her mind. It was almost as if she were a man, the submissive female underneath her, offering herself to her. Sue wondered if she dared do what she

to get up, or in some way to justify her position. Sue began to realize that Linda liked lying there underneath her and began to feel that she could risk some kind of advance towards her friend — the kind of advance she had longed to make for weeks.

Bull by the horns

Taking the bull by the horns she leaned forward, placed her hands on Linda's shoulders and then lowered her head until it rested at the side of Linda's. Linda did not move, not daring to show her feelings, hoping that Sue would embrace her or display her feelings in some way.

And then, throwing hesitation to the wind, Sue bent over and put her lips to Linda's, kissing her briefly. When Linda showed no signs of objecting, she straightened out her

kisses, now reached up with her arms and drew Sue to her, and in a gesture of acceptance, clasped her legs round her friend's just as a woman would do during intercourse with a man.

Take shorts off

'Let's take our shorts off,' gasped Sue.

Linda wanted to but she was sensible enough to realize they would be taking a risk as they had already passed one or two people on their way to the clearing.

'I want to,' said Linda, 'but it would be better if you stayed at our house tonight. Let's pretend you've missed the bus again and then . . . then we can be naked in bed together.'

The two girls lay together in a long embrace reflecting on the part wrestling had played in bringing them together.

I had always gone in for a certain amount of amateur wrestling, but of late my public appearances had become fewer and fewer largely because of other demands on my time. But I had built a small gymnasium as a wing to my house in Berkshire and from time to time I would have a wrestling exchange with a guest, more from the point of view of keeping fit than anything else.

Cat Fighters From Saint Margaret's



I was lucky enough to be able to afford to build the gymnasium and I felt that having done so it ought to be used as much as possible. It was, therefore, in keeping with this principle that when I was asked by a small girls' boarding school about half a mile from my home whether they could use the ring I had set up for wrestling that I was ready to agree.

'Our own gym is only suitable for the usual physical education, vaulting, handstands, rope-climbing and so on,' the gym mistress, a Miss Norman told me. 'But as we have a few parents who think it would be good to teach their daughters wrestling, karate and so on, we decided we would do if we could find a suitable ring.'

It was arranged that the girls would come twice a week, Tuesday and Thursday afternoons from 2 p.m. till 4 p.m. The gymnasium was

a completely separate wing to my house and could be entered from an outside door or from an annex adjoining my house. It was arranged that the school should have the key to the outside door and to the changing rooms that ran along one side of the gym.

It never occurred to me at the time that it might be possible for me to watch the girls but then I remembered that I had had a small window light placed over the door between the annex and the gym. By standing on a chair I would be able to get a good view of the wrestling.

For the first week or two I made no attempt to watch the proceedings, deciding that it would be unlikely to be of much interest at the beginning. But when the girls had had some instruction it might well be worth while.

So it came about that on four or five successive Tuesdays and

Thursdays I took up my position behind the door of the annex, watching a series of fights between the seven or eight girls from St Margaret's who had taken up the sport.

I picked out two or three girls who wrestling seemed promising and it so happened that these were the most attractive of them. They were all in the sixth form, aged seventeen or eighteen, and some of their contests were a delight to watch. But two girls in particular attracted me and before long I was racking my brains to think of some way of getting to know them better with a view to being actually present in the gym when they fought. I had an idea that they might respond favourably to the idea of my refereeing their bouts, though I was equally aware that the school's gym mistress might object to a man taking on such a role, particularly as I had in mind

doing this with no one else present. I hit on the idea of giving a party to the girls who did wrestling and it was quite a success. The party was held in the garden, my own house-keeper and maid, preparing and serving the tea and food while I was able to walk around meeting the girls. Besides those who regularly came to the gym to wrestle there were the girls' housemistress, another senior teacher and the gym mistress, as well as one or two parents.

I made a bee-line — though not too obviously, I hoped — for the two girls who appealed to me most and I spoke to them favourably about their physique being good for wrestling. They were obviously pleased at what I said and we became quite friendly before the party broke up. So far so good. It meant that I had a line of communication with them and it was now necessary to wait for an opportunity to run into them again.

As it happened I ran into them one evening when I was on my way home after taking a walk. They were both prefects and eighteen years old and were therefore allowed out until lights-out which was at nine-thirty during summer term. We chatted amiably as we walked back towards

my home.

'It's a pity we can't have a wrestling bout tonight,' one of them said, a dark-coloured girl of Brazilian extraction called Carenza.

'Well, there's nothing to stop us,' said her companion, a luscious blonde with a shoulder-length fair hair. 'That's if Mr Hawton doesn't object.'

'Oh, I don't know about that,' I said. 'I don't think the school would approve. We'd have to think carefully about it.'

'We are prefects,' said the English girl, 'and not at the beck and call of the teachers. Provided we keep our times properly and obey the rules laid down for us I can't see why we shouldn't go to your gym. In any case there's no reason why they should know at the school.'

'No reason at all,' echoed Carenza.

'Do you mean you would say nothing if I let you use the gym?' I asked them, now excited at the prospect of watching them and being present. 'I could act as referee, you know.'

The girls exchanged glances and smiled at each other. 'Well, I don't see any objection to that,' said Angela. 'Shall we then?'

'As long as you girls agree to keep mum you can come here whenever

you like. But if you can just give me a ring first I can be at hand to let you in from the house and if you want me to I can always referee. But let's have a short session now.'

* * *

When we got into the gym the girls remembered that they hadn't their usual wrestling outfit which consisted of a black regulation body-stocking and white boots.

'Well, you could wrestle in your undies,' I suggested. 'Barefooted.'

'Yes, I suppose that would be all right,' said Angela, slightly hesitantly as she looked at me. 'We'll have to get a spare outfit and keep it here. Can we do that?'

'Of course. I'll buy them for you if you like,' I volunteered. I did not want the girls to be discovered buying wrestling outfits and or be seen leaving the school with them.

'That's very nice of you,' said Carenza. 'You get them at Marshalls in Maidenhead. I take a size 12 and Angela takes a small 14.'

'I'll remember that,' I assured them.

The girls decided it would be more appropriate to get ready in one of the changing rooms and they disappeared for a moment or two to





remove their blouses, skirts and shoes. Meanwhile I put on a pair of plimsolls and removed my jacket, after which I climbed into the ring.

Young, sexy bodies

When the girls re-appeared I have to admit that from an interest in girls wrestling my interest shifted to sex. Of course I had always had some interest in seeing girls in the ring from a physical point of view but that night, when I saw Angela and Carenza step into the ring, it would be useless to pretend that I remained disinterested in them sexually. They were strikingly attractive in their bras and panties and it was really the first time I had seen such young and sexy bodies at such close quarters for many a long day.

Let me first of all give you some idea of what they looked like and of their distinguishing features.

First Angela. She was the English one and had what is sometimes called a peaches and cream complexion. With striking long fair hair, she was a well-built girl for eighteen — taking a larger body-stock than the Brazilian girl, as we have seen. She had full uptilted breasts, a long straight back,

shapely buttocks, strong athletic thighs and legs. On this occasion she wore a striking tangerine-coloured bra with matching knickers fringed with black.

In the other corner stood the slighter Carenza with her dark hair and olive skin but voluptuous figure — heavy breasts and buttocks and powerful thighs.

'Well, girls,' I began, 'you know the rules taught at St Margaret's; what I don't want is anything serious to happen, but as you're not wearing shoes or boots kicking will be in order.'

Both girls smiled eagerly and leapt at each other.

I have said I was interested in the sexual and erotic aspects of this fight, but other ideas as well were developing in my mind. On this occasion I should have to be content with wrestling within the rules but one day — the holidays were not far off — I might get them into the mood for an out-and-out fight in which nothing would be barred. I could imagine nothing more exciting than a cat fight to the finish!

It wasn't long before the two girls were rolling over and over on the boards and I had wonderful views of their bottoms, tightly clad in their

knickers as first one, then the other was uppermost.

The first 'break' seemed to come to Angela who got the leg scissors on Carenza. What I would have given to be in the Brazilian girl's position! To be between those delicious, unsullied thighs! But Carenza did not seem to feel that way about it for she kicked her legs furiously in the air as she tried desperately to free herself. Eventually, when she managed to do so, she went at once for Angela's hair, pulling it so hard that I had to put an end to it. I made them break and then they were a few moments before Carenza, kicking Angel in her buttocks, knocked her over whereupon she quickly got her into a cross press which was successful.

I had, therefore, to give the first fall to Carenza.

The two girls looked excited, their faces flushed, their hair all over the place, and I could see that they would stop at nothing to win the next point.

Carenza immediately got Angela in a head lock but the English girl freed herself, tripped the Brazilian, and got her onto her back. She swivelled round and straddled her, sitting on her breasts, her thighs

squeezing her face. Despite the dark-haired girl's efforts to keep one or other shoulder off the boards all her attempts were finally unavailing and I awarded the fall to Angela.

Once again I thought of the pleasure of being in Carenza's situation, her face and head between the lovely Angela's shapely, sexy thighs, her mouth pressed into her crotch!

Full Boston

More dishevelled than ever, Angela and Carenza started the last round with a sustained bear hug. No one came out of it successfully, but it ended because Angela lunged with her knee somewhere close to Carenza's crotch. The girls separated and then encircled each other until finally Carenza got a head lock on Angela that she was able to maintain for some minutes. In the end Angela broke loose and tripping Carenza she forced her face down on the boards and began to attempt a backbreaker. Luckily for Carenza she was able to wriggle out of it.

There were some minutes during which the girls went all out for victory, kicking, butting and hair-pulling, but the bout eventually went to Angela when she got a full Boston on the Brazilian. There was no argument about this and I had to declare the English girl the winner.

Time had passed and it was getting towards nine o'clock.

I desperately wanted to see the girls again but I did not want to do anything that could be interpreted wrongly so I simply asked them to memorize my phone number and to give me a call whenever they felt they could come round again. At the same time I impressed on them the need for discretion as I felt certain the headmistress of St Margaret's would not approve of the girls coming to my gymnasium on their own.

* * *

I had a surprise call from Carenza the next afternoon. 'Could I come round to see you tonight?' she asked me.

'With Angela?' I queried.

'No,' she said. 'I'd rather see you on your own.'

'A little unusual, isn't it?' I said, but my heart quickening at the thought of being alone with her.

'I don't think so. I'm eighteen. Anyway, no one will know.'

'All right then. Come at seven o'clock if you can. I'll be expecting you.'

I couldn't imagine why she wished to see me alone but, of course, I was delighted and flattered.

Almost exactly at seven o'clock the bell rang and when I went to the door there was Carenza. I led her to my study and offered her a chair and a soft drink.

She laughed rather nervously and it was obvious that she was

beginning to find it difficult to start, to tell me what she wanted.

'What's the trouble?' I asked her.

'No trouble,' she said. 'It's just that I wanted you to . . . to show me some moves in wrestling. I know you used to wrestle and I so much want to beat Angela. But I always seem to lose.'

'You want me to show you?' I wondered in what way.

'Yes. We could wrestle together, couldn't we?' she said quietly, averting her eyes.

It was the most extraordinary suggestion that had ever been made to me and I knew at once that it would be wise to refuse it. But the prospect of wrestling with this lovely dark girl, her body entwined in mine was more than I could resist. I knew that I was taking an appalling risk but I could not stop myself.

'All right,' I said. 'But nobody — absolutely nobody — must ever hear about this.'

'I swear I won't mention it to anyone, not even Angela.'

'All right,' I said, finishing my Scotch, 'let's go to the gym.'

I led the way through the annex and told her I would change into my wrestling outfit. That consisted simply of a pair of black briefs and long laced-up boots.

'I've brought my things too,' she said.

A few moments later — although it seemed like an age to me at the time — Carenza reappeared in a black body-stocking and laced-up white boots, looking a perfect physical specimen. Of course I was much heavier than she was and I had no intention of using it against her. I would do my best to instruct her, perhaps repeating certain holds and so on, but if the contest was to be at all realistic it could not be planned completely.

'Okay,' I said and reached out to take her hand, twisting it behind her back and pressing myself against her from behind. I released her and told her how best to get out of such a hold.

We continued, and in a moment I had her by the waist, lifting her from her feet and putting her over my shoulder. 'There, are lots of things I could do with you now,' I said, 'but I'll simply throw you down — quite gently — and you must be careful to fall in the right way.'

She fell quite well and was quickly on her feet, rushing at me and butting me in the chest. I grabbed her and we tripped over together and in a moment I had her in the leg scissors.

Head between thighs

By this time I was fully aroused sexually and I decided to keep the scissors on her as long as I could,





enjoying the feel of her head between my thighs. I talked to her, telling her the various ways she might try to escape, to justify holding her so long in that position.

'You can put the scissors on me next,' I said, my pulse quickening at the very thought of it, 'and I'll try to get free. But use your legs as I did, crossing them if you can.'

She got to her feet and I told her what the series of movements were to get me into the leg scissors and I let her take my head between her thighs and put a lock on me.

I wanted this to last as long as possible so I started to explain to her how to try to force a decision in her position.

But my explanation was perfunctory for I was completely fascinated by the feel of her girlish thighs against my head and face, and when I caught the scent of her sweat I was completely carried away and had the greatest difficulty in not turning my head so that my mouth would be against her crotch.

Eventually I freed myself and then

outlined a number of moves and tricks she could put to use in her wrestling, showing her a full boston, a head lock and so on.

'Let's continue,' I then said.

I grabbed her, tripped on top of her and I saw my chance of a cross press, but instead I straddled her, sitting on her belly. She struggled underneath me and I moved up so that I was on her breasts, my thighs on either side of her head, her face in my crotch. She must have guessed that I was feeling excited sexually to be in such an intimate position with her, and I could scarcely hide the fact that I had an incipient erection. I thought it best to tell her what she could try to do to wriggle out of the possible shoulder press and when she followed my instructions she got free.

'Let me try to effect a shoulder press on you,' she said.

I had been hoping for this and I allowed her to sit astride me, her thighs round my head, her weight on my shoulders. I raised each shoulder in turn a number of times,

commenting of the fact that she was not putting her weight in the right place, but I eventually lay still and said that she had been successful. She didn't immediately get off me and there was a brief moment when she looked into my eyes as she leant forward and I realized for the first time that she too was affected by wrestling with me.

'I lay on top of her'

We got to our feet, went over some more movements and, finally, I put her on her face and lay on top of her, pretending to struggle with her, but enjoying the wonderful feel of my genitals pressing against her bottom. I knew that if I had not been wearing my briefs and she her body-stocking it would have been quite impossible not to take advantage of her sexually.

I got to my feet and suggested that perhaps we had had enough for one session. She thanked me and said she thought she would be able to put up a much better fight against Angela next time.

'We'd like to come this week one evening,' she said. 'What about Friday? We have no prep that evening and we could come earlier.'

It was agreed that they should come on Friday at half-past six.

* * *

Friday came and the girls quickly got into their outfits, having brought their body-stockings and boots. Once again I was supposedly the referee, but I had made up my mind to let the girls really fight it out to the finish with as little interference as possible from me.

Angela at once leapt on her friend but, to her surprise, she found herself on the boards and, in a moment, Carenza was on top of her. The two then struggled desperately, their determination to get the upper hand soon leading to hair pulling and knee butting. When they eventually got to their feet Carenza used her first forearm smash on the English girl, knocking her against the ropes. Angela was amazed at the venom Carenza displayed and she went after her now determined to punish her. She picked her up and banged her down on the boards in a pile-driver that left Carenza unable to get to her feet until I had counted nine. Then the two grappled with each other, fiercely and furiously, until Angela was forced against the ropes and I had to pull the Brazilian from her. When they grappled again Angela, now incensed, got hold of Carenza's body-stocking and pulled it from her shoulder, exposing one of her breasts. Try as Carenza would she could not escape from Angela's hold on her and when, finally,

Angela got a head lock on the girl she pulled the other shoulder strap from her. Then, tugging furiously at the body-stocking, she ripped it down the back and it practically fell from the girl.

I interrupted the fight and to my amazement Carenza said that as her body-stocking was hopelessly torn she would remove it altogether. Without further ado she pushed it down her legs, over her boots and stepped out of it, leaving herself naked except for her boots.

'In that case I'll fight nude too,' said Angela and proceeded to take off her body-stocking. I took an instinctive look round the gym horrified that anyone might be there to see what was happening, but, of course, the gym was empty except for the two girls and myself.

Now they grappled and struggled fiercely until they fell, and then rolled and rolled on the ring, their legs flaying like windmills, their vulvas frequently exposed to my lascivious gaze until finally Carenza achieved a nelson on her friend.

'There,' she gasped as I

announced that she had won, 'that'll show you, my dear.'

I had never seen such a fight in my life and both girls were grimy and dishevelled, a scratch down the side of Angela's face making matters worse.

'I'll have to do something about that,' I said urgently when I noticed that it was bleeding, and I took the girls into the house to attend to it. 'Well,' I said, 'that was a real cat fight. I never knew that either of you had it in you to fight like that.'

* * *

'How did you get that nelson on me?' asked Angela when I had attended to the scratch on her face. 'I've never succeeded in getting anyone in that hold.'

Carenza began to demonstrate it again, but seemed now unable to get Angela in the right posture to achieve the hold properly.

'Show me,' said Angela.



Nelson demonstrated

The girls were still naked and it came as a surprise that she should have asked me in the circumstances. But the idea of holding the girl's naked body against me was too much to miss and I showed her how to effect it. With her back towards me I passed my arms under hers and then moved my hands up to join them at the back of her neck so that she was quite unable to move. I drew her close and her buttocks were now wedged firmly against my belly. It was a position I would have liked to maintain for as long as possible but when she was satisfied that she could not free herself I released the hold.

I don't know whether Carenza was getting ideas about me but she insisted that I held her in a nelson too, making no effort to try to free herself when I did. And then she asked me to give her a bear hug.

'You really want me to?' I asked. 'Yes.'

I grabbed her in a tight bear hug, her breasts pressed hard against my chest, my face no more than a few inches from hers, and I would have been unable to control myself had I sustained it for more than a few seconds. I think I was glad that Angela too didn't ask me to demonstrate the bear hug on her.

The girls finally dressed and said that they would be coming to the gym with the others on the following Tuesday afternoon. An item of news that interested me was that their gym mistress, a Miss Valentine, had herself taken up wrestling and would be wrestling with the girls.

* * *

When I saw Joan Valentine in her white body-stocking I had only one ambition: that was to find some way of wrestling with her. I had no idea how to go about it until I saw that both Angela and Carenza were more than a match for her. I knew then that if I could find some way of meeting her I could bring the talk round to wrestling and she would probably admit that she needs some sort of training or guidance.

It was more than a fortnight before such an opportunity occurred and I was quick to seize it. Due to a fortunate accident she left the keys behind in the gym and came round one evening to ask me if she could retrieve them. I invited her to have a drink and she seemed pleased to accept and join me in my study.

When I asked her how the wrestling was going she said she had taken it up herself, but wasn't making much progress.

'Then you need some advice,' I



insisted.

'Well, yes, but where can I get it?' she queried.

'Me, from me,' I laughed. I had got used to the idea of wrestling with girls so I didn't feel any particular embarrassment at suggesting that we had a bout together. I waited eagerly on her reaction when I proposed it.

'Do you really mean that, that you'd help me?' she said.

'Of course. We could wrestle together and I could show you some of the techniques.'

Let's do it

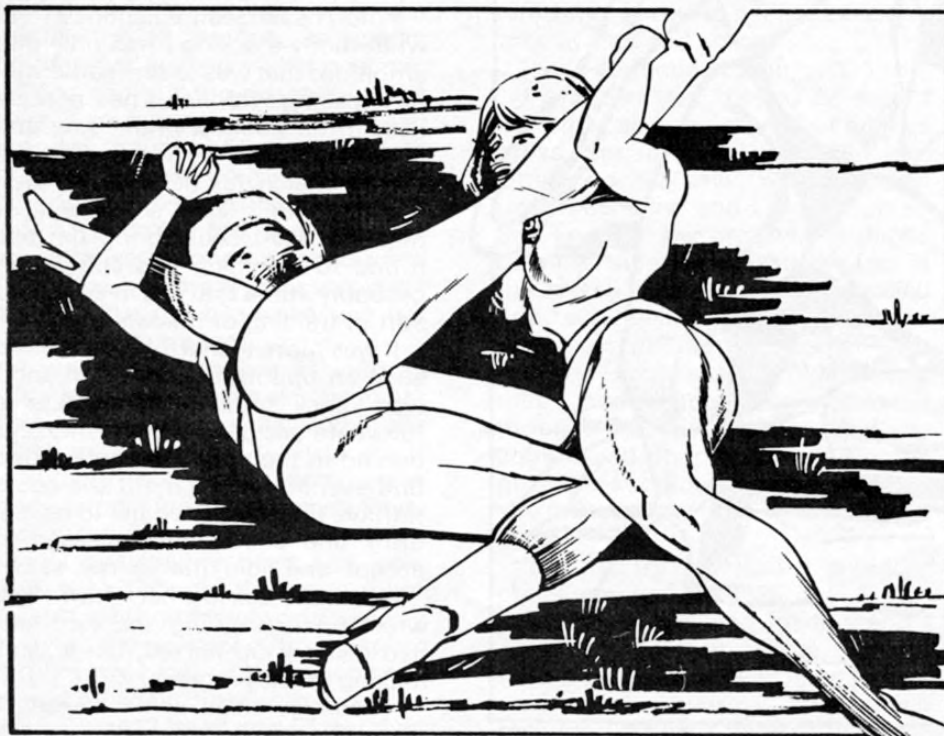
'All right, then let's do it right away. If I don't I might get too frightened to come here again,' she laughed.

We made our way to the gym. She said she would wrestle in her stocking feet, blouse and skirt. In one way it was disappointing but I wasn't going to cavil at the chance of getting my hands on her even with clothes on.

When we were ready I first instructed her in some simple holds and had the pleasure of putting a head lock on her, holding her tight in my arm. Then I showed her how to fall without hurting herself, as well as other methods of coping with her opponent.

'But, of course, the shoulder press is one of the most effective ways of winning a contest. But first you've got to get your opponent on his back,' I told her.

'Well, show me,' she said.



I grabbed her and in a minute she was on her back on the boards with me on top of her. This was a moment I had longed for ever since I had heard from the girls that she had taken up the sport. I simply sat there for a minute or so quite unbelieving that what I had longed for had actually happened. The beautiful Joan Valentine was underneath me, my legs straddling her body . . .

I was sitting on her waist and attempted to hold her shoulders down with my hands, urging her to lift first one, then the other shoulder as I did so. When she was successful in staving off my attempt to effect a shoulder press I moved up until I was sitting on her breasts, my knees holding down her shoulders.

'There, that's it,' I remarked as I got to my feet, 'a successful shoulder press.'

* * *

It was only a beginning. Miss Valentine — whom I soon began to know as Joan — came regularly every Wednesday night for practice and instruction and there were many similar moments to the one I have just described. As time went on our intimacy increased and tension began to mount between us. But I did not feel that she would have had much respect for me if I had directly taken advantage of her. As a matter of fact I was quite enjoying the situation — so near to what I wanted from her, yet so far.

I think it was Joan herself who made things more difficult for me by adding to the temptation I always felt with her: It was she who first suggested that we should wrestle in the minimum clothes, she in bra and panties, I in my briefs. That, you can imagine, added enormously to my sexual desire for her — and temptation.

And then one night when her bra snapped at the back after a particularly energetic exchange she went on fighting without it. We fought together separated only by the flimsy thickness of her knickers and my briefs . . .

Still I resisted temptation even when, for example, I allowed her to put a leg scissors on me!

But the ultimate outcome was inevitable . . .

It was a week later and we had been wrestling about ten minutes when I straddled her, sitting with my legs across her hips. I looked at her, preparatory to leaning forward to effect a shoulder press. She moved her eyes down to my parted thighs and in a whisper that I shall never forget she said: 'It's a pity we are both wearing something, isn't it!'

Well, what would you have done?

* * *

WRESTLING

TWO STUDENT NURSES, TRUDY AND RITA, HAVE BEEN MAKING A PLAY FOR THE SAME RESIDENT DOCTOR UNTIL...

NURSES

STAY AWAY FROM HIM, OR I'LL PULL OUT YOUR BLOND HAIR BY IT'S BLACK ROOTS!

IF IT WASN'T FOR THE FACT THAT I'D LOSE MY JOB FOR DOING IT, I'D SHUT YOUR STUPID MOUTH RIGHT HERE, WITH MY FIST!

ONCE ON THE ROOF THE GIRLS STRIP OFF THEIR UNIFORMS... AND THE BATTLE IS ON!



COME UP ON THE ROOF AND TRY IT, PEROXIDE GERTIE!



THEY CIRCLE EACH
OTHER SEEKING AN
OPENING, AND THEN
COME TO GRIPS!

THE
TWO
CURVAC-
IOUS
GIRLS
JOCKEY
FOR
POSIT-
ION...

UNTIL
RITA
GRABS
TRUDY
BY THE
BLOND
HAIR OF
WHICH
SHE IS
SO
JEALOUS,
AND
YANKS
VICIOUSLY
CAUSING
TRUDY
TO
RETALIATE...





WITH RAKING CLAWS
THAT CAUSE HER
OPPONENT TO RE-
LEASE HER HOLD
AND SCREAM WITH
PAIN. THEN BOTH
GIRLS FALL TO THE
GROUND TEMPORAR-
ILY EXHAUSTED.

TRUDY RECOVERS
FIRST AND GETS
BEHIND RITA GRAB-
BING THE NOW HELP-
LESS GIRL IN AN
ARM LOCK AND
FORCES HER TO
HER FEET.

**THE
BATTLE
IS
OVER!**

WHOSE
GUY IS
HE?

YOURS!.. HE'S
ALL YOURS!
AIEEEEE!
LET GO, YOU'RE
KILLING ME!

**WILL RITA LET TRUDY
HAVE A FREE FIELD
WITH THE DOCTOR, OR
WILL SHE FIGHT FOR
HIM AGAIN? ONLY THE
FUTURE KNOWS!**



No holds barred in this

BATTLE TO BARENESS

The CLAWS are not the only things laid BARE when this brunette housewife has a score to settle with her husband-stealing fair haired neighbour.







This will teach you
to go running after
MY husband



A good leg stretching
and painful
arm twisting
is no more than
you deserve
you bitch.



Wrestling Wife Swop

Mark Holden had been invited by a friend who acted as a Master of Ceremonies to a wrestling evening at a private members' club in Surbiton. He wasn't all that enthusiastic about going but when his wife, Joan, said she would be ready to go with him he decided to accept his friend's invitation.

He had never had any particular interest in wrestling but once in a while he would go to watch it in the Albert Hall but in the past three years he'd seen only a couple of bouts, and even these were on television. But the club he was going to had the virtue of a good bar, and he remembered that his friend once told him that once in a while they put on women wrestlers. That would indeed interest him, there was no doubt about that; but on the night in question no women were billed to appear as far as he knew.

Joan, who was an attractive well-built blonde, said she would go just for fun as she'd never seen wrestling in the flesh. And there was also the prospect of Mark taking her somewhere to dine afterwards.

The three bouts they watched were pretty dull and Mark had almost decided that he had spent a wasted evening when they ran into a young couple they had known before they had moved to their present house in Barnet. The couple were Diana and John Spencer, both of them PE teachers in local comprehensives. Diana was dark, well muscled, with breasts and legs that had always appealed to Mark. She was obviously more athletic than Joan who possessed a more definitely 'feminine' figure and was perhaps an inch or so shorter than Diana.

When the wrestling finished it was decided that the Holdens and the Spencers should join forces and go out to dinner. They went to a Greek Taverna in Wimbledon and soon the talk was flowing as freely as the wine.

'One thing I should like,' said Mark, 'is to see women wrestling. That would be a real treat.'

'Sex maniac!' laughed his wife.

'All you want is to see them in sexy positions.'

Mark didn't deny that he had some such interest but noticing that Diana and John had suddenly gone silent he thought it might be wise to drop the subject. Then, to his surprise, he heard John saying something about his wife having done some wrestling.

'What, Diana? Is that true?' demanded Joan.

'Well, I did a few bouts privately — I mean at private members' clubs — for charity. As a matter of fact I rather enjoyed it.'

'She's something of an Amazon,' commented John. 'She can certainly look after herself.'

'You saw her? What was it like watching your wife besporting herself in the ring?' Mark asked.

'Oh, I can't say I minded. Indeed I was rather proud of her. I could see that she appealed to the male audience all right. I was flattered.'

'I'm not sure that I'd want Joan to wrestle in public,' said Mark. He would really like nothing better but it would be good strategy to pretend otherwise for the moment.

'Oh there's nothing wrong with two women showing off a bit,' said Joan. 'As long as they've got nice figures. But I don't think I'd be good enough as I know nothing about wrestling.'

'You'd soon learn to take care of yourself,' said Diana. 'What you want to do is to do it for a bit of fun sometime, not take it too seriously.'

It was going just as Mark had begun to hope. It was during the final bout that evening that he had conceived the idea of trying to get his wife to do some amateur wrestling, but it wasn't until he talked to the Spencers and they told him that Diana had done some fighting that his scheme had begun to take active shape.

'That's a good idea,' said John who would certainly like to see Mark's wife in a bikini being thrown about by his wife. 'Why don't you two have a bout?'

'Are you serious?' laughed Joan.

'Yes, why not?' asked Diana. 'I can

assure you that I wouldn't take advantage of you.' She had repressed lesbian leanings and she would certainly like to entwine her body with the lovely blonde who was Mark Holden's wife.

'Would you mind if I did?' Joan turned to Mark.

'No, not if you want to, my dear. It might be rather fun. Why not tonight?'

'Tonight?' gasped Joan.

'Yes, why not?' It was Diana speaking. 'There's no time like the present. We could go back to our place. We've got a very large sitting-room and we could make a large space if we pushed some of the chairs back. What do you say?'

Joan's heart was beating faster; she thought she'd probably make a complete fool of herself. But it was quite an exhilarating thought — or so it seemed to her after the drinks she'd had. She had a good figure and if John had been proud of his wife, she would at least show them that she could match her in that respect. The only thing was she hadn't the faintest idea of how to go about things . . .

'All right,' said Joan after a few moments' hesitation.

'As long as Diana doesn't hurt me.'

'Of course I won't, darling.'

* * *

At the Spencers the large room was soon cleared of chairs, now pushed to one side, where Mark and John sat eagerly waiting for the two women to get to grips with each other.

In bra and panties

Mark's 'plan' had worked and he was going to have the pleasure of seeing two women, in bra and panties, grappling with each other. But that was, perhaps, only a beginning: might the time not come — now that the ice had been broken — when it could be suggested that the men took on the women, swapping partners, and so on? He

could imagine himself in a headlock by Diana, or best of all tight in the scissors of her legs. He would also like to see John straddling his wife, bending over and pressing her shoulders back. It would almost be like watching his wife being seduced by another man — something he had longed to propose when they had been with other couples but had never dared to.

John took a more direct interest in the wrestling aspects of the bout. He wanted to see a real 'cat' fight and hoped that the two women would eventually lose their tempers and go for each other.

The women had different ideas. For Diana it was a chance to get close to the body of the lovely Joan whom she secretly desired physically, while Joan herself, now that she was committed to wrestling with another woman, simply wanted to win. She'd always felt a little inferior to Diana in an athletic sense and she was determined to show them all that she wasn't just a push-over. Her only regret was that she knew nothing of the techniques of wrestling so she would have to innovate as she went along.

They didn't make any specific rules for the fight: just the two women — without a referee — fighting it out until one of them gave in. That was Mark's idea. He didn't want it to go on all night as he wanted to put his other proposals forward when the first fight was over . . .

Despite the fact that they were going to be exposed to the gaze of the two men soon enough they went to Diana's bedroom to undress. Joan was certainly a little nervous of being seen in her bra and knickers by John for she had never worn so little in front of any man, apart from her husband. With Diana, of course, it was different for in her work as a PE instructor she frequently dressed in bra and shorts.

When the women appeared Mark could not take his eyes off the striking figure of the dark-haired Diana, while John was quick to assess the appeal of Joan.

Diana was wearing a navy-blue matching bra and panties, a suspender belt of the same colour and fishnet stockings that suited her splendid, strong legs. Mark guessed that she must possess a forty-inch bust for her large breasts shuddered with her every movement, while it seemed that her buttocks would burst from her flimsy knickers at almost any time. Her long black hair she had tied up behind her head, fearing, perhaps that it would be a temptation for Joan if she began to lose her temper.

Joan herself, in a lacy white bra and panties, white suspender-belt and black nylon stockings looked

less obviously fitted for wrestling but she had a shapely enough figure, her long slender thighs particularly catching John's eye. Neither of the women wore shoes as they had agreed that use of the feet was permitted.

'Right, shall we begin?' asked Diana as she faced Joan.

'Okay,' said Joan, beginning to lose her nervousness and trying to think of the best way of going about her task.

She didn't have long to think for in a flash Diana had grabbed her arm and was twisting it round her back, forcing her to cry out in pain, but somehow — though she would never know how — she managed to free herself and then got an arm around her friend's waist, holding onto her grimly as she tried to pull her to the floor.

Reached under crotch

Diana was strong, however, and she swivelled round on her feet, taking Joan with her. She then reached under Joan's crotch and finally lifted her from her feet and threw her to the floor. It was a moment she had waited for and, quickly straddling the blonde, she felt certain that she would quickly have her in a shoulder press. Joan had picked up enough about wrestling to realize that she was really in danger of defeat and now exerted every effort to prevent that happening, arching her body and managing to grab hold of Diana by her neck, pulling her to one side and toppling her over. Diana began to kick her legs in the air and Joan went forward to grab hold of them, hugging them for all she was worth and at the same time managing to get her own legs across Diana's body so that the women were in a head-to-tail situation. John watched intently as he saw Joan spread her legs wider as she got a grip on Diana's body, the narrow crotch of her panties only just hiding her sex.

Diana appeared to be wriggling but had she made a supreme effort she would quickly have over-balanced Joan. The truth was she liked the position in which she had Joan's head pressed against her thighs, and her own head almost in Joan's crotch. Eventually she would reverse the situation and then she would squeeze Joan's head in a scissors.

She kept up the pretence of trying to escape from Joan's grip for a while and then with one swift movement Joan found herself thrust to one side and at once Diana had straddled her again, this time sitting high on her bosom, pressing down on the girl's soft breasts, her crotch not far from Joan's mouth. Then she bent right over and took Joan's

arms, pressing them back on the carpet, holding her in the press until the blonde had to admit that she was defeated.

It was all over much more quickly than either of the men had expected, but very pleasing for Mark who, although he had enjoyed the wonderful glimpses of Diana's crotch and breasts, was keen to take things a stage further. As far as he was concerned the girls could have a real set-to later, or on another occasion.

'Why don't I take on the victor?' said Mark laughingly.

'You!' gasped Diana. 'Are you serious?'

'Why not?'

'Good idea,' commented John who had a suspicion that Diana would be a match for John Holden.

'All right,' agreed Diana with a smile. 'If you like. But no forearm smashes or anything like that.'

'Of course not. We'll grapple together — the first to get a press wins, okay?'

He quickly undressed down to his underpants, a neat pair of French-style black briefs more like a pair of women's knickers than the ugly garments that men usually wear in this country. He had a good muscular figure and when the two came together for the first time it was at once noticeable that they both had similar olive-coloured skins.

Girl in bear hug

Mark at once grabbed the girl in a bear hug and he did not let her go, his chest pressed hard against her huge breasts, his pelvis against hers, until Diana with a quick unexpected move, tripped him and she landed on top of him on the carpet. For a moment she had a cross-press on him, but he was too agile for her to sustain it and, in a moment, he was rolling over and over with her, trying hard to straddle her. Diana cleverly eluded his grasp and as he half turned to try a grip on her thighs she clamped them round his neck and he found himself in the scissors of her thighs and crotch. Diana, eager to press home her advantage, now crossed her own legs so that he was immobilized as Diana lay back, using every bit of her strength to maintain the scissors.

Mark, his head in the iron-grip of her thighs, had to put up some sort of struggle but he would really have been content to stay in the scissors for ever, the luscious, powerful thighs against his face, her crotch not far away, the smell of her sweat and her sex filling his nostrils. When the time came he hoped to bend his legs back and over her, ending up on her breasts facing her legs, but it wasn't going to be an easy

manoeuvre with some of the face crushed against her fleshy left thigh. A decision was the last thing in the world he wanted so after letting the girl hold him between her thighs for as long as he dared he freed his head and, seizing a chance to push Joan on to her face, he clambered on top of her, his bulging pants hard against her bottom.

Meanwhile John looked on jealously as he saw that Mark was gripped between his wife's thighs; he was now determined to have a bout with Joan to enjoy something similar with her. It seemed to him that Mark could have extricated himself if he had really wanted to for however experienced Diana was at maintaining the scissors she was nowhere near as strong as Mark. But as he watched he was surprised to see that Mark was genuinely making an effort to get free and, using his feet as a lever, he finally forced Diana to ease her grip and then summersaulted to end up on his wife's breasts, his hands pressing her thighs.

Diana straddled

Diana struggled for all she was worth but slowly Mark was able to get himself into a position for his next move which was to turn and face Diana, still straddling her. He made the move effectively and it was no time before John was watching Mark edge forward so that he gripped Diana's head between his thighs, his bulging pants pressed against her mouth. And then he saw as Mark bent over to pin the girl to the carpet by her arms that John had undoubtedly begun to get an erection.

Diana submitted, but it was a few moments before Mark got to his feet, facing away from John as he did so.

'Now it's our turn,' said John, taking Joan's hand and getting to his feet.

He was roused sexually by what he had just seen and he was determined to make the most of his bout with the practically defenceless Joan. He had had more drink than the others and watching the flaying legs and shuddering breasts of the girls, their crotches spread wide, had excited him almost beyond control.

He quickly had a head lock on the blonde, cleverly pressing her left breast with his elbow as he sustained it; and then, tripping her, he straddled her, but was careful to sit over her lower pelvic region rather than higher up where he would almost certainly have found Joan ready to submit. Instead he pinned her shoulders half-heartedly, giving Joan a chance to use her legs. She managed to unbalance him and, remembering how Diana had got both her husband and herself between her thighs she imitated them and to her surprise got John in the leg scissors.

John had wanted this to happen and he was delighted when Joan, loosening her grip momentarily, gave him the chance to half turn within the grip so that he was

trapped with his face crushed against her fleshy left thigh.

A decision was the last thing in the world he wanted so after letting the girl hold him between her thighs for as long as he dared he freed his head and, seizing a chance to push Joan on to her face, he clambered on top of her, his bulging pants hard against her bottom.

Sexually inflamed

Mark was at once sexually inflamed by the sight of John in the animal-like coital posture he had got into on his wife's back and he only wished that the two of them had the imagination to let things go a stage further. But it was, he thought, unlikely that John would dare to do anything to upset him. It began to look though, as if he had misjudged John when it became pretty obvious that he was lying on Joan without making any attempt to press home his advantage in a wrestling sense. It began to look as if he was forcing his swollen penis, bulging inside his briefs, into the valley of Joan's buttocks while pretending to struggle with her arms as if he was attempting a shoulder press with his hands.

Diana was under no illusions and she was quickly filled with jealousy both because of her husband's blatant interest in Joan and because she herself desired the girl. She had little doubt what her husband's posture on Joan's back implied and she was certain that by this time he had a full erection.

It was almost more than she could bear to watch them and it was as much as she could do to stop herself getting up from her chair and pulling her husband off the girl when she saw that he was actually simulating coital movements — the movements of a dog on a bitch . . .

Joan herself soon knew what John was up to but she feared to protest for she felt sure that Mark would blame her if she complained. He would ask her why she had agreed to wrestling in the first place, and anyway he would criticize her for so quickly letting John get into such a position in the first place. 'Diana didn't expose herself in that way,' he would say. And then, as she lay there, John's penis pressing into the valley of her buttocks so that she could feel the tip through the two thicknesses of material that separated them, she felt an uncontrollable longing to let things take their course. The posture she was in pleased her for it satisfied her very submissive reaction to sex and she would have liked nothing better at that moment — had she dared to break all the rules — than to have John Spencer naked, on top of her, his penis inside her and fucking her

as if she were a bitch.

If an outsider had been present at that moment and he had possessed the capacity to read the minds of the four participants he would have realized that immense tensions were building up that could lead to an explosion. It was only a veneer of convention that kept things in check.

This outsider would have known that John could hardly force himself to move because of his lascivious desire to keep Joan's bottom under his bulging briefs; that Joan liked what was happening and would have liked things to have gone much further, but she feared her husband; that Diana was angry at the sight of her husband giving away the fact that he obviously like being on top of the blonde; and that Mark really wanted John to rape his wife but he would never have dared to let his wife know that he was entertaining such thoughts.

In the end John scrambled higher up Joan's back and pinned her down with his knees, claiming a victory. There was a general agreement that he had won, particularly as Diana quickly got to her feet and said it was time they had a drink; Mark did not dare to contradict her despite his disappointment.

* * *

Conversation flowed after the tension had relaxed a little, and another bottle of wine was opened and quickly finished. Both Mark and John were feeling even more uninhibited and in the end the former, abandoning the veneer of convention that normally prevented him from indulging in excesses, suddenly suggested that the girls ought to wrestle in the nude.

'I'd just love to watch the two girls really fight it out naked,' he said, 'pulling hair and everything.'

Joan looked askance at him but Diana quickly agreed that it would be fun for it would give her the chance she had been longing for to get as intimately close as possible to the young blonde. Once he saw that Diana had no objection her husband said he was all for it. Mark, quietly congratulating himself on his cunning, now began to think ahead to the moment when he would suggest a swapping of husbands and wives for naked bouts.

The two girls undressed completely and John's breath was taken away, his excitement almost impossible to hide, when he saw the golden haired blonde with nothing on. As for Mark his penis stirred and quickly became tumescent in his trousers at the sight of the splendid body of his friend's wife. He could hardly keep still at the thought of what it would be like to be in a scissors position with her, or to give

her a bear hug.

Diana's piledriver

Diana wasn't going to waste too much time with head holds and arm twisting; she simply wanted to be on the carpet with Joan, rolling over and over with her and ending up in the male coital position on top of her. She grabbed Joan by her left hand and putting out her foot tripped her and pounced on her, allowing her to escape momentarily from a cross press, but following this with a leg lock with her feet. Joan, however, was not going to give way easily and she pulled at Diana's hair until she angered Diana so much that the latter let her go, quickly got to her feet, picked her up and piledrove her onto the carpet. Then she jumped on her, stamping her feet on her wrists before butting her in the belly, practically winding her.

The bout had taken a more serious turn and the two men were momentarily nonplussed, thinking that perhaps Diana would carry things too far. But they had no need to fear for Joan, now bitter at the way Diana had treated her, managed to get a hold on her ankle and pull her to the floor. Exerting herself to the utmost she fought with her as they rolled over until she finally got her hand under Diana's crotch from behind while simultaneously tugging at her long black hair. It almost led to a backbreaker and would have done if somehow Diana had not shaken her hair free. But Joan was quick to dig her knees into the brunette's back as her fingers raked Diana's labia, parting them and forcing Diana to submit.

It came as a surprise to see that Diana had found Joan too much for her, but the two men had observed Joan's actions with mounting excitement and by the time Diana got up from the floor they were both ready to propose naked bouts between the men and the women.

Diana, still annoyed at the way her husband had appeared to enjoy lying on Joan, eagerly agreed to a bout with Mark, determined to teach John a lesson. She would let him see her in the most intimate postures with Mark and finally fix it so that she would lie face down, as Joan had done, with Mark on top of her. She had no doubt that Mark would have the greatest difficulty in stopping himself from taking advantage of such a posture as he would be nude.

Mark and Diana circled each other for a while, getting hold of each other's hands, freeing themselves from wrist holds and so on until finally Mark got the girl into a bear hug, holding her with all the force he could as he felt her huge breasts

against his chest, their pelvises hard together. Almost at once he found it almost impossible to control his desire and he quickly released her to trip her and fall on top of her. Straddling her and attempting a shoulder press somewhat half heartedly he allowed Diana to manoeuvre herself into such a position that he had little difficulty in seizing a chance to push her onto her face, quickly mounting her from behind the moment he had done so.

Mark's penis pressed into the cleft between her buttocks as he reached under her to grab her tits; and as the tip of his prick made contact with the lower end of her vulva he was unable to stop himself from gently forcing it just inside her lips, hoping that his wife and John would not notice that he had done so.

Gentle insertion

Diana felt the gentle insertion and now, more than ever bent on teaching her husband a lesson, she eased her legs imperceptibly to allow him full penetration without making it obvious.

But for Mark it was impossible to sustain the illusion that nothing was happening for as his penis slid deep into Diana's vulva his excitement became so intense that he could not stop himself from starting to move rhythmically back and forth, his bottom rising and falling as he did so.

In a few moments he was plainly fucking Diana without restraint and she was arching her bottom to meet his thrusts.

John got up and took Joan's hand. 'What about us then?' he asked her.

'I don't see why not,' smiled Joan. 'But let's wait and we'll do it in front of them without any pretence about wrestling.'

'Good,' said John, but finding it ever more difficult to restrain himself as he watched Mark's seduction of his wife.

When, finally, Mark ejaculated and slumped on Diana's back, John announced that it was his turn to wrestle with Joan, and immediately Mark and Diana got to their feet the others took their place in the centre of the floor.

For a moment or two they went round each other, occasionally reaching out to touch each other's hand, and then Joan went up to John and allowed him to take her in his arms.

'Do you submit?' he asked her.

'Yes,' said Joan in a voice that Mark knew meant that she was sexually roused.

'Then how?' he asked her.

'On my back,' was Joan's simple reply.

She lay on the floor, her legs parted, whereupon John his prick now jutting menacingly from a bush of black pubic hair that contrasted startlingly with Joan's fair tresses got between her legs, parted her labia and then guided his prick between them, lowering himself onto her body as he did so.

A moment later the two were entwined together as they moved in synchrony, John thrusting fiercely into the girl's body as she in turn arched her pelvis to meet his thrusts, their lips glued to each other's.

'Come' said Mark to Diana, 'don't you think it's time we also did it face to face?'

THE VALUE OF THE PRO-GIRL WRESTLER

I see letters at times in your magazine slating the professional girl wrestlers which appear in circuit around this and other countries, but surely the outlook to take on these girls is one of them being entertainers rather than wrestlers. They are I believe fit and well trained young ladies, although a lot of their fights are faked they still are shaken, jussel and thrown about with a certain amount of venom.

Remember the crowds that go to these bouts like to see fast action and could I think become bored watching for say the Nancy Skarvan v Laurie Hatch contest just released by the Judill Du Long stable. I watch these bouts over and over and never

tire of them, but then I regard myself as somewhat of an expert of girl fighters (pro or am), but I also enjoy watching a Rusty Blair v Tina Starr contest. But I think it's time the girls went to 5 minute rounds instead of the 3 minute ones now used.

A recent article on Japan's girl wrestlers in the 'fighters' magazine was very informative and I think summed up the girl grappling business in a nut shell with this statement:-

'Whilst giving the outward appearance of reality they each know just how far they can go without jeopardising each other's livelihood'.

Yours
K.J.

BOXING...

TOPLESS BOXING...

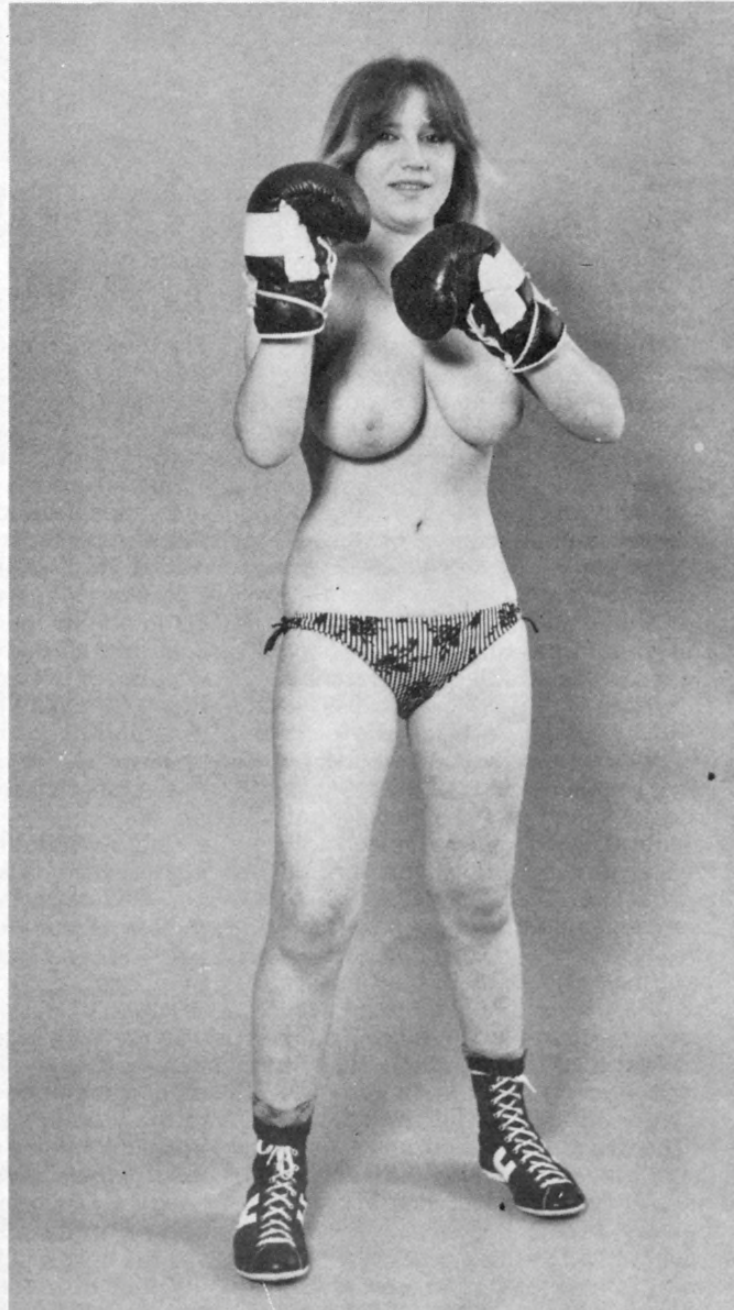
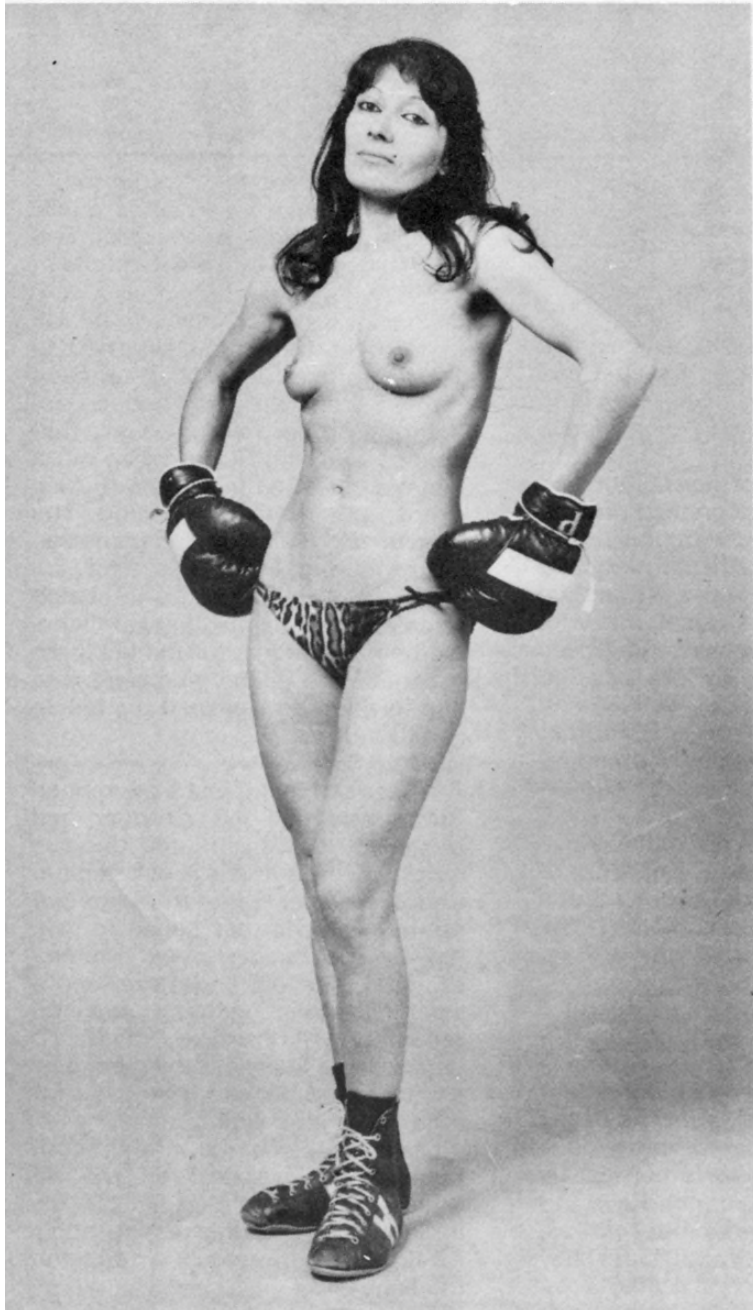
One more time, Bordeaux is becoming famous thanks to the wonderful topless boxing girls. A team of fifteen beautiful girls wrestle under the protection of our friend Neale, and recently an explosive meeting took place in Italy before the malicious eye of the ex world — champion Nino Benvenuti . . There are many people, a big crowd to see the valour of this feminine elite who practises the noble art without any artificial means or sham. We have to notice that the attacks of good

quality and that the difficult French public goes back home happy to have had a very nice time.

The number one of the boxing girl team is with no doubt, the beautiful Magali Fabian (France) who boxes with the fair haired Nancy Ventura (France), the sculptural Rachel Dulac, the nice Gloria Fleury and the young Dany Toulouse. The others members of the team are: Estrella Pedrosa (Spain) Pamela Asti (Jamaique)

Angie Simmoers (Germany) Claudia Sherri (Tunisia) Johanna St Cyr (Maurice Island) Ursulla Holden (Holland) Utte Weber (Switzerland) Linda Brown (USA) Melba Scott (Tahiti) Sylvanna Torres (Spain). Don't forget the nice Mireille Moulin from Bordeaux who from time to time doesn't wrestle any more but boxes with success.

The girls box during 3 rounds of 2 minutes each. It's quite enough when we know the difficulty to be in



action during a boxing fight. We have a project we would like our boxing-girls to wrestle soon against the German and the English girls. Till today we must admit that the bridges are cut, therefore it's quite easy to cross the Channel. If we consider the past and the professional girls, I can't hide you, our disappointment is great because we can never organize contacts for the girls who want to wrestle with the girls of the proud Albion. And my friends Lina Magnani, Rita Cortez, Lea Dewerbn, Mildred Van Lloyds (Lydia Carbonnet) Lola Garcia and the others are still waiting. For the amateur, only one challenge had been accepted but unfortunately the American Linda Schultz was dominated by a young beginner Mireille since that nothing. I take advantage of this opportunity to tell you that some of the amateur girls would like to fight against the English girls. Don't hesitate to contact us.

The Boxing Club of the French Amazons knows a real evolution and might get some new elements soon.

Michel Bezy

3 Rue De Chambord
33600 Pessac (France)



RUSTY'S DOUBLE-BUT STILL A WIN

The billing said Lady Emma V Cherokee Princess, but when the girls entered the ring the announcer told us that Lady Emma was out injured and her place was taken by World Champion Rusty Blair.

In the ring stood a young tall superbly figured redhead of 36-23-36 but I'm sorry it wasn't Miss Blair, the promoters were trying to hood-wink the public again in Cardiff. But still the girls in the ring put on a good fight, which I will now describe.

ROUND 1

Rusty wearing a black one piece suit which had a halter neck and no back rushed at her opponent, Cherokee wore her usual red costume laced up the sides, both girls wore black boots, and secured a wrist lock. She tripped Cherokee to the canvas and proceeded to make the Indian suffer. Cherokee squirmed and writhed, tried to face bar the champ off but all to no avail for at least a good minute. Finally she escaped by grabbing Rusty's ankle and forcing her to lose her balance and release her arm.

The two girls rose and circled each other, Cherokee holding her worked on a wrist. Rusty was first in again gaining a side head-lock she was giving her rival some stick at this point, she flipped Cherokee to the mat and gained a step-over-toe-hold.

The round finished with this and Rusty left her rival on the mat and strode round the ring awaiting cheers and receiving only jeers.

ROUND 2

Rusty tore out of her corner and put a side head lock on the Princess, this she punctuated with punches to her face and head, she then whipped Cherokee into the ropes. When she came off she found herself met with knee lifts or body checks, Cherokee was never allowed to take a count, Rusty thanks to a lenient ref dragging her to her feet by her hair to keep up the onslaught or otherwise stomping the Indian as she lay prostrate.

Cherokee briefly caught Rusty in a head sissors but Blair took a bit of her Cherokee thigh and forced a release, this round ended with Rusty working a back hammer on Cherokee.

ROUND 3

Rusty was in a mood to finish it fast and drove Cherokee into a corner and pounded her with knees to the stomach and punches to the breast, whipping her to the mat, she then pulled Cherokee to her feet by her hair secured a crutch hold and body slammed her to the canvas, she fell on top of her rival for an easy pin, but to make certain she drove her fist into Cherokee's lower body

in the area of the thighs.

For this she received a public warning, certainly an overdue one as well considering her tactics so far.

ROUND 4

Rusty was out to gain a two-nil win in quick time but in her eagerness to whip Cherokee she ended up been thrown from the ring and on re-entering Cherokee seeing her chance tore into Rusty giving her a taste of her own medicine with knee drops, punches and posting, she then turned Blair over and gained an easy folding body-press for an equaliser although on being released Blair claimed her shoulders weren't on the mat for the full three seconds, and as the girls separated she fore-armed smashed the Indian girl to the mat.

ROUND 5

Although having just been pinned Rusty was still the stronger and fresh of the two girls and this she quickly proved in this round she put Cherokee over the top rope and jumping atop of her began to give her a real going over, the ref dragged her off and gave her a second public warning but on resumption Cherokee had no defence and Rusty grabbing her legs she upended her and turned her for a boston-crab submission.

Cherokee screamed in agony but Rusty rode her rival till the ref dragged her by her hair off the Indian. Rusty left the ring to boo's leaving the Princess still writhing on the canvas.

Yours
K.J.

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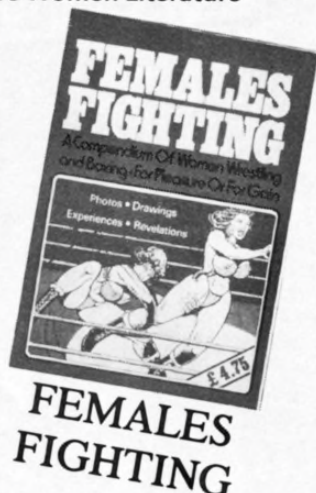
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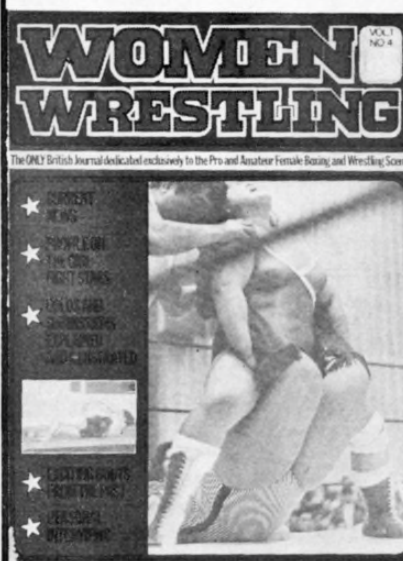
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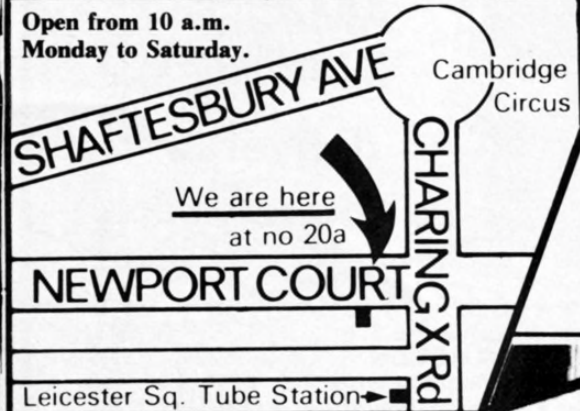
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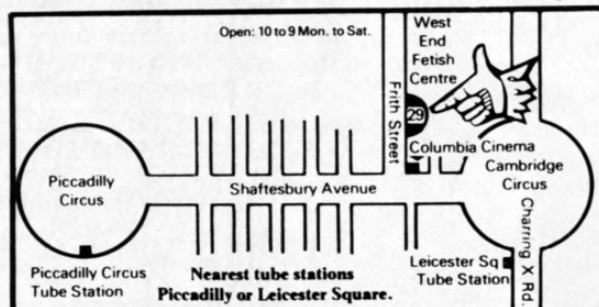
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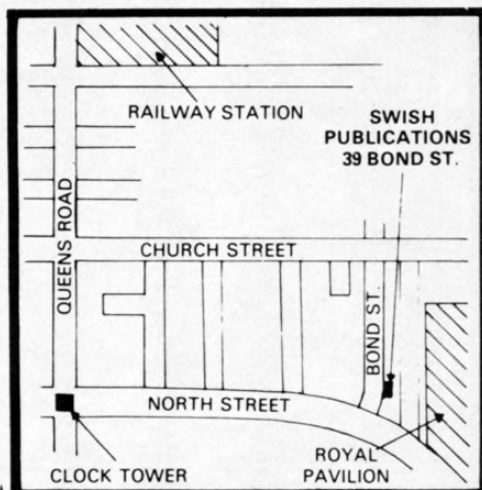
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